

LIFE

WHAT'S GOING WRONG IN CUBA

OLD AGE: OUR SHAMEFUL NEGLECT AND A PROGRAM BY NELSON ROCKEFELLER



KINGSTON TRIO:
TOP SELLERS
IN ALBUMS

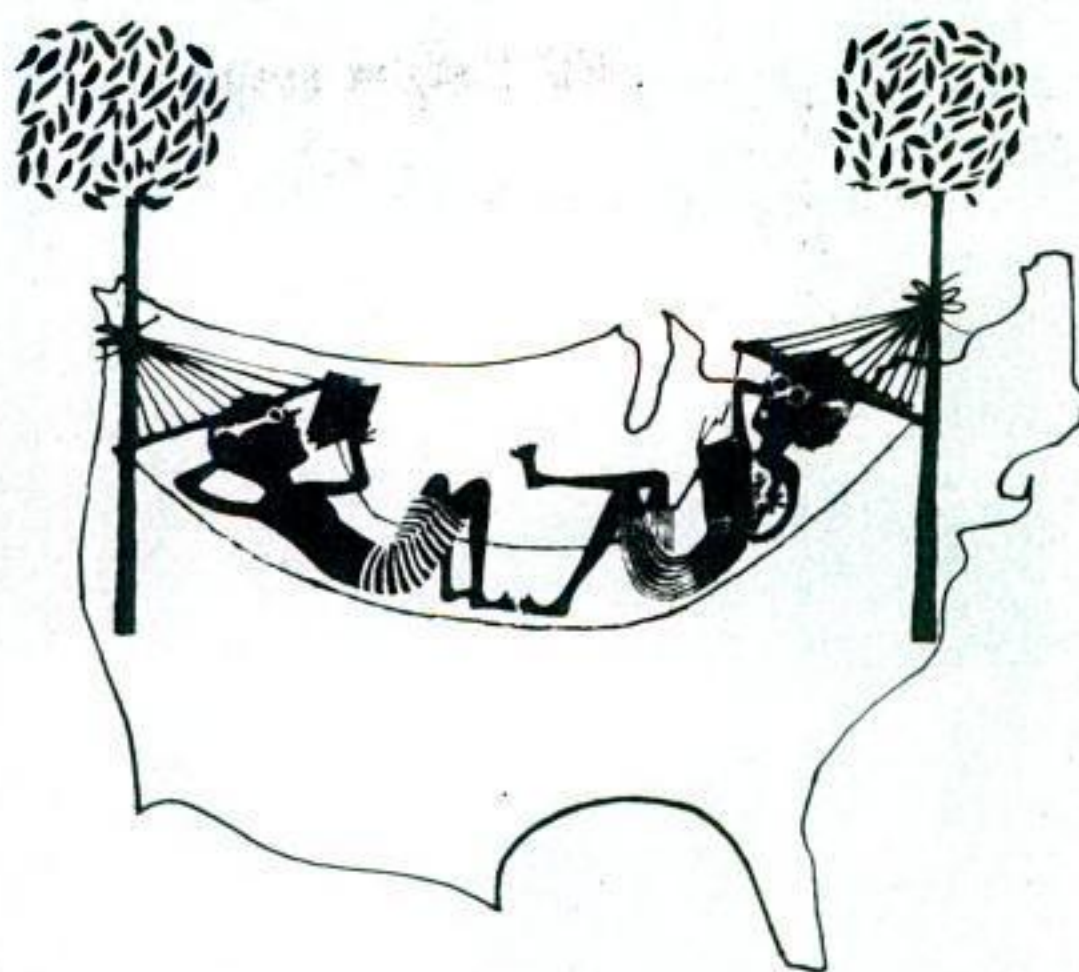
AUGUST 3, 1959



*The man who thinks for himself
knows... Only Viceroy has
a thinking man's filter...
a smoking man's taste!*

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A Memo to: LIFE's Preview Readers

From: Clay Buckhout

This December, for the fifth consecutive time, LIFE will close its editorial year by publishing a special single-subject issue. The 1959 year-end special will take a long look at leisure-time America. Its aim will be to show what the American actually does with his (on the average) 75 non-working, non-sleeping hours a week, against the background of today's matchless opportunity to lead "the good life" (our issue title).

As you may know, these year-end special issues span a period of two weeks instead of the usual one. This allows us to devote at least twice as much editorial space as would be available ordinarily at that time of year for close study of the many-sided subjects which seem particularly fitted for these issues. This year, for instance, we plan a year-end issue of over 200 pages -- including some 50 editorial pages in full color. That represents far more space than does the usual late December issue; and it has more editorial full color than we would normally run in a month.

There are obviously groans and strains involved in attempting to cap the year's weekly output with such an editorial magnum opus. The same staff that has to turn out this week's issue (and next week's and the week's after that) is hard put to concentrate on the problems of a double December issue too. The head researcher on THE GOOD LIFE staff, for instance, spent all last week in



Washington working on this issue's Great White Fleet sequel. Other members of our year-end issue staff were working on the current Old Age Series and on features that will appear next week and later in the summer. A New Year's mood in sweltering July is a difficult effort of will power, but one very familiar by now to large numbers of our editorial staff. A sizable staff, such as LIFE's, is obviously one answer. For it does take an enormous quantity of work to do justice to themes such as Christianity, The U.S. Woman, America's World Abroad, U.S. Entertainment -- all of which have been the subjects of our past year-end efforts.

It also takes a versatile staff to turn out a series on Jimmy Hoffa or another on American Folklore (to begin next month) or a news lead on Cuba, an article on Iraq -- and, at the same time, do the thorough planning and enormously complicated follow-through called for by such a challenging special issue subject as THE GOOD LIFE.

Under the overall direction of Managing Editor Ed Thompson and Assistant Managing Editor Philip Wootton, a small editorial group headed by Associate Editor John Thorne has now been at work for many weeks developing story ideas, making early assignments on paintings and photographs and bureau research projects. But during the next four months, as the issue develops, well over 100 photographers, artists, writers and correspondents will be drawn in as their specialized areas are involved.

At this point, most story entries for the issue are highly tentative but you might be interested in a few of the candidates being considered and worked on:

America at Play - A great big color spectacular in the best LIFE tradition.

The Gay Old Days - How the rich took their pleasures at the turn of the Century.

Men Who Spent It Well - An examination of great Americans who spent their spare time usefully and what it has meant to the nation.

Where It's Been and What it Will Be - A look at the trend to more leisure, where it's taken us and the way our leisure lives may completely transform U.S. living patterns in the not-too-distant future.

Summer Culture - A black-white essay on the two million Americans who have signed up for music, writing, dance, drama and art seminars and workshops this summer.

(continued on back flap)



AN INTERESTING LETTER SAID...

"Why in Heaven Don't You Speak Out on Inflation?"



I have received a number of letters from men and women who are concerned about inflation. One A. T. & T. share owner asked, "Why in heaven don't you speak out on this subject?"

The letter went on to say, "If you would alert the 1,625,000 share owners and 700,000 employees to the facts about inflation, they would help spread the news."

I warmly agree that it is essential to alert more people to the dangers of inflation and we in the Bell System are speaking up and speaking out at every opportunity.

In recent articles and bulletins to employees, the Bell System Companies have discussed the threat which inflation poses to the purchasing power of the dollar and to savings, insurance, and pensions.

At the annual meeting of A. T. & T. share owners I pointed out that inflation has been a tough problem in the telephone business. But we have not just talked about the problem—we have developed more efficient equipment and introduced many economies of operation. It is worth noting that the price

of telephone service generally has gone up less since World War II than most other things.

But we know that the forces of inflation are far too widespread and powerful for any one individual or business to stem them singlehanded.

This brings me to the question that I believe so many are asking. "How can I help?" In these ways, it seems to me:

By giving spoken and written support to those who are working for a strong, sound, and stable dollar.

By opposing unreasonable demands, excessive spending, and schemes that add fuel to the inflationary fire.

Your friends and associates, and especially your representatives in Congress, are entitled to your constructive views.

For our part, we will continue to fight inflation by pushing research hard and effecting economies in our business. And by speaking out against this threat to the people and the country.

FREDERICK R. KAPPEL, PRESIDENT

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.



This One



ZXWN-2T6-6U7D

A row to remember

The amazing argument between Khrushchev and Nixon—pictures show the VP, opening U.S. fair in Moscow, standing up just fine.



ARGUMENT GOING ON

Kingston Trio album kings

On tour with their pretty wives, the Kingston Trio shows off the well-bred harmony which has got them to the top in pop record albums.



THE KINGSTON TRIO

Castro and chaos

As Castro's peasants help him celebrate his revolution, LIFE reports on Cuba's skid toward political and economic trouble.



PEASANT IN HAVANA

Girls not plain in Spain

Leaving duennas behind them, breath-taking young beauties of Spain's best families come to the annual *feria* in Seville and are photographed in color.



A RANCHER'S DAUGHTER

Kassem vs. Communism

His land convulsed by Communism and revolt, Iraq's mild, mysterious strong man Kassem suddenly gets tough: a unique on-the-spot report.



PREMIER KASSEM

Crusade's heartening progress

Visions of a New White Fleet move closer to realization. LIFE polls Congress and finds that the idea has won wide, unstinted, excited support.



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Singers in the popular Kingston Trio start up in a New York roof garden. They are (left to right) Nick Reynolds, Dave Guard and Bob Shane (see pp. 61-65)

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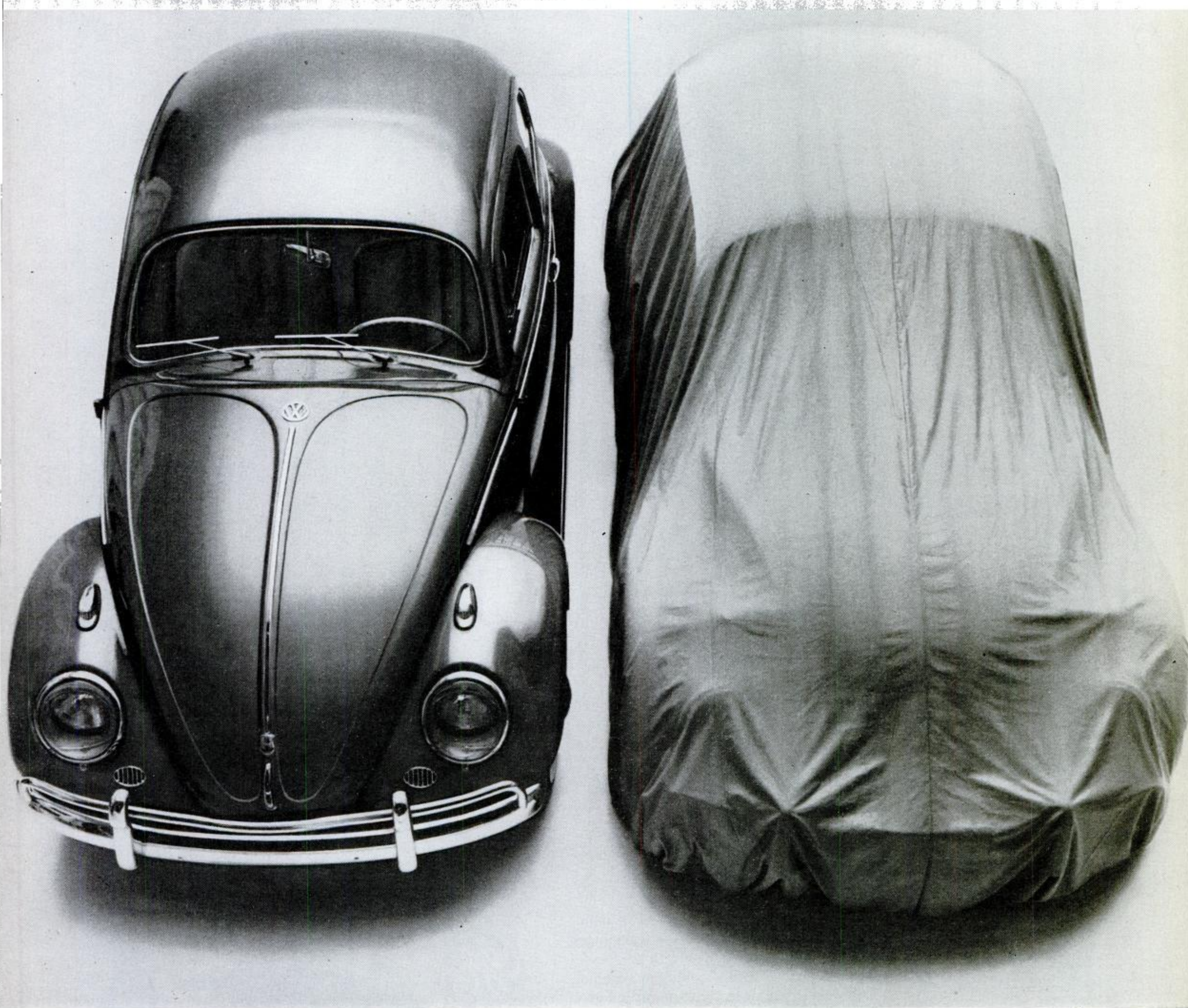
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92—JOE RIMKUS FOR THE MIAMI NEWS

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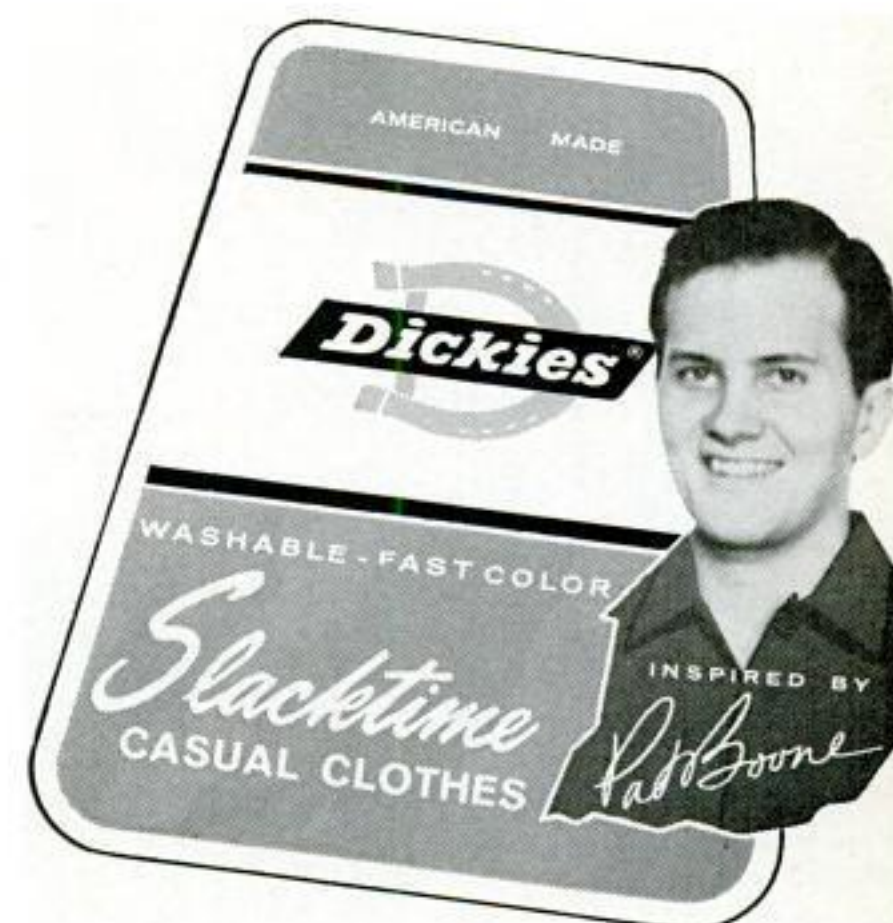
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SPEAKING OF PICTURES





SEA GULLS GET A HANDOUT

The barracuda hadn't bitten but gulls swarming around the boat were happy to take the sardine bait from Actor Jon Hall's hand. Returning from a fruitless fishing trip off the Coronado Islands southwest of San Diego, Hall began to toss the bait into the ocean. The local sea gulls, which do not go near the mainland, make a practice of waiting for unlucky fishermen to unload sardines, and they began to grab the small fish

before they hit the water. Fascinated by their agility, Hall held the sardines for them. Lining up, the gulls snatched them from his fingers. To LIFE Photographer Allan Grant, who had come along to photograph barracuda, a gull in the hand seemed worth all the fish in the sea. The white of the birds was brilliantly illuminated by the sun, and instead of fish Grant caught a rare picture of birds scratching at bait in an actor's fingers.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

POUSSIN

Sirs:

The service to art that LIFE performs from time to time for millions of Americans cannot be overestimated. Vivid in my mind is your reproduction of paintings by Renoir, Monet and Modigliani, and now LIFE continues by giving us the superbly and generally little-known work by Poussin ("A Classicist's Comeback," LIFE, July 13).

HARRY SPIEGLER

New York, N.Y.

TWINS IN BIGTIME

Sirs:

Chattanooga should be up in arms! You intimate that California's Patricia and Leisha Gullison are the only twins to enter a beauty contest ("Twins in Bigtime," LIFE, July 13). In 1947 identical twins Jean and Jane Cunningham were selected as Miss Chattanooga and went on to win the state title (right) as well. In Atlantic City, Jean was among the 15 finalists when the girls competed individually as Miss Chattanooga and Miss Tennessee.

MRS. CHARLES AQUADRO
Key West, Fla.



JEAN AND JANE

OLD AGE: PART I

Sirs:

As economic, scientific and social progress brings the age-old wish for added years closer, it is well to direct attention to the concomitant problems ("Old Age: Personal Crisis, U.S. Problem," LIFE, July 13).

If all chapters of the series are as thought provoking and well balanced as the first, LIFE will have again performed an invaluable service to the nation.

PHILIP E. RYAN
Executive Director

National Health Council
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I am one of the old, sick and unwanted; alone and lonely, but I am still here. I want to see what tomorrow is going to do to the world. I would like to make one of those trips to the moon. I might have a slight attack of vertigo en route, but I would recover, keep up the log and perhaps give a dignified Queen Elizabeth wave to the stars as I breezed by.

I am old, but I can still hold my own in a tête-à-tête on politics, religion or something simple like foreign policy, but who talks to old people? But it's been a nice life, and when I leave on the big journey I'll give a backward glance and say, "Thanks for a wonderful time."

MRS. JOHN Z. TAYLOR

Narberth, Pa.

Sirs:

The first article in your series on old age was a most dramatic and vivid presentation of the problem of living too long.

JOSEPH E. BOETTNER

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

A Texas-size award to Photographer Cornell Capa for his wonderful photographs of an aging mother. Whistler could not have done better.

JAY B. PLANGMAN

Fort Worth, Texas

Sirs:

Old age is what the individual makes of it. I can recall a woman of 86 who was a nuisance to her childless daughter-in-law but was a wonderful mother's helper to my own mother. She darned socks, baby-sat after school with us and read *Uncle Remus* to my younger sister. She claimed she loved being with us because it made her feel useful instead of "old and in the way." She seemed years younger than her 86 years because she used those good eyes and ears to stay happily with the world instead of expecting the world to come to her.

MRS. WALTER BORTKO

Union, N.J.

Sirs:

The story of the aged mother was sad; it reminded me of my grandmothers. I miss them very much.

KATHERINE CONNER

Hattiesburg, Miss.

Sirs:

LIFE is to be congratulated for a most beautiful cover, "Aged Hands" by Carl Mydans. His camera has caught more than the brush of any great painter. His portrait will find a place on my wall.

DONALD J. LEROY

San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

Seldom is found as beautiful a wedding of prose and picture as that in this story. Written from a compassionate view, the article brings out poignantly the problems of the family. May Mary's future daughter-in-law be as kind to her as she is to Annie!

MARIE R. HARRIOTT

Schenectady, N.Y.

Sirs:

I am a grandmother and loathed your article and I am sure hundreds of other grandmothers did too.

HELEN P. LUKENS

Upper Montclair, N.J.

EDITORIAL

Sirs:

Congratulations to LIFE for a statesmanlike treatment of the steel industry wage negotiations ("Hold the Line on Steel!" LIFE, July 13). The people directly involved should never forget that one of their primary concerns is the welfare of the whole nation.

DENNIS PAPAZIAN

Ann Arbor, Mich.

INTERVIEW WITH KHRUSHCHEV

Sirs:

Averell Harriman states that "every effort must be made to correct Khrushchev's misconceptions of conditions beyond the Soviet borders, especially in the United States" ("My Alarming Interview with Khrushchev," LIFE, July 13).

As a step in this direction, I suggest Khrushchev be given an opportunity to read R. L. Bruckberger's article "A Second U.S. Revolution That Shook All Mankind."

JAMES E. PUGH

Kingston, Pa.

SECOND U.S. REVOLUTION

Sirs:

I take exception to Bruckberger's statement that the Clayton Antitrust Act crowned labor's struggle against being considered "a commodity to be bought and sold" ("A Second U.S. Revolution That Shook All Mankind," LIFE, July 13). It took labor 20 years more to win this struggle.

True that Samuel Gompers called the act labor's

"Magna Carta" when it was first passed. But he soon found that he was sorely mistaken. It was not until the Norris-La Guardia and Wagner acts of the 1930s that labor began to really gain ground in its long, hard battle.

BURT BASSLER

Urbana, Ill.

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed the article by R. L. Bruckberger about Mr. Ford and his epoch-making contribution to the American laboring man. And I was overcome with nostalgia when I saw a publicity picture my cousin, Glen Buck, and I had taken at Ford in 1913. Mr. Ford lined up a thousand chassis in the backyard of the old Highland Park plant in celebration of the fact that Ford production had reached the then staggering figure of a thousand cars a day. After the chassis picture was taken we photographed 12,000 of the 16,000 factory force. The photograph (below) ran in the September 1913 issue of *Ford Times*.

ROBERT W. MICKAM

New York, N.Y.



12,000 FORD WORKERS POSE IN DETROIT

Sirs:

The profit motive has never ceased to be the dominant driving force of U.S. business, and it will be a sad day for the country if it ever does. The progress made toward freeing workmen from economic need has been due principally to a five-fold increase since 1880 in the amount produced by each hour of work. That increase in turn has resulted from highly competitive efforts to reduce costs and do more business, with the ultimate objective of making more profit.

RUPERT WARREN

Buffalo, N.Y.

SEAWORTHY STYLES

Sirs:

Just who do you think you are fooling? If my mother or I appeared on our 36-foot sloop in any one of your seaworthy styles, we would be promptly thrown overboard ("Seaworthy Styles for Parties Afloat," LIFE, July 13). This goes double for high heels, which *always* scratch the decks.

ELIZABETH VILLARD

Edgartown, Mass.

SEAWAY CRUISE

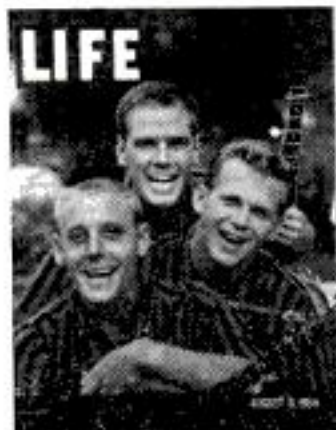
Sirs:

The "tense skipper" Captain Wylie has all the earmarks of a great man vested with absolute power ("Seamanship in the Locks," LIFE, July 13). "Tell the electrician to douse that light or I'll have him fried for breakfast," he says. It is nice to be out of the service.

WILLIAM ROBERTSHAW

Scottsdale, Ariz.

LIFE 540 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois



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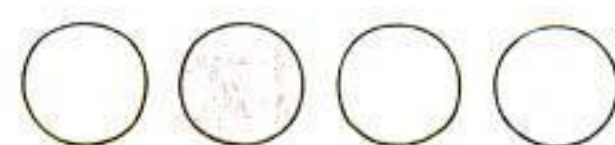
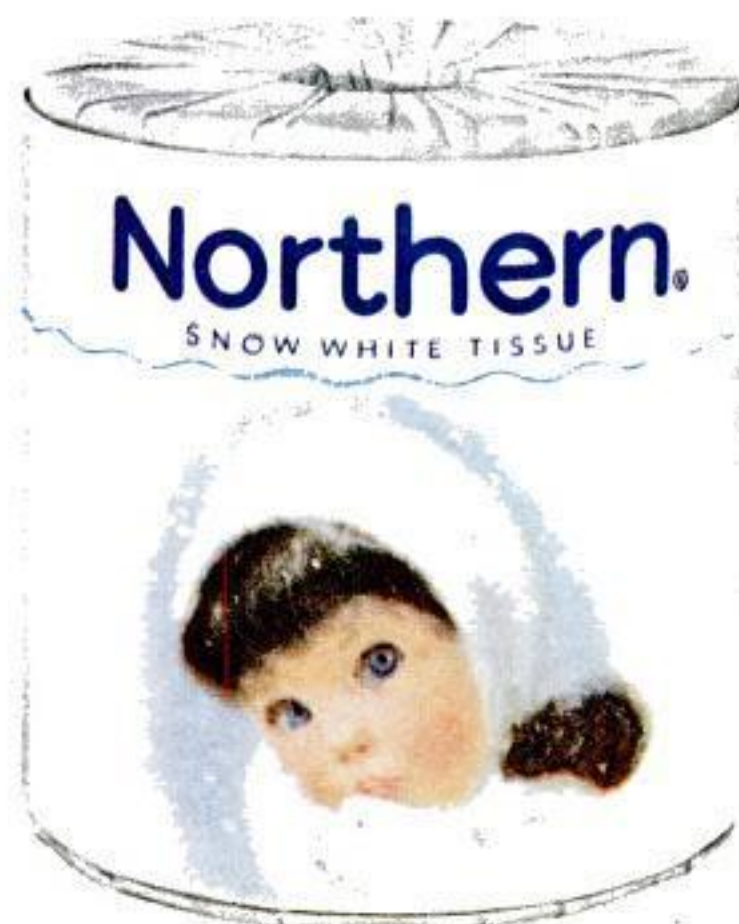
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THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1959

Here are model-by-model break-downs of retail sales:

	June	6 mos.
(1) Chevrolet.....	175,263	810,541
(2) Ford-(x).....	153,300	676,000
(3) Rambler.....	43,556	190,091
(4) Plymouth-(x).....	41,700	208,700
(5) Pontiac.....	37,387	212,147
(6) Oldsmobile.....	33,980	199,650
(7) Buick.....	22,359	133,543
(8) Dodge-(x).....	15,900	78,000
(9) Mercury.....	13,763	78,675
(10) Studebaker.....	12,960	74,000
(11) Cadillac.....	11,721	77,134
(12) Chrysler-(x).....	6,800	34,450
(13) DeSoto-(x).....	4,900	25,000
(14) Edsel.....	3,547	24,172
(15) Lincoln.....	1,928	15,015
(16) Imperial-(x).....	1,450	9,450

(x) Estimated

America's leading daily business paper, "The Wall Street Journal," reports that Rambler was No. 3 in sales of all cars sold in the United States in June.

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Because Rambler gives you basic excellence in quality, performance, room, comfort, economy and handling.

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● Big car room and comfort ● Small car economy and handling ease

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AGAIN THE MOBS FORM AND ... CUBA LOOKS DOWN THE ROAD

by **THOMAS DOZIER**
Associate Editor, LIFE EN ESPAÑOL

IN Cuba there is little difference in the weather between January and July. But in the political climate a drastic change has taken place in the seven months since Fidel Castro marched—bearded, booted and full of high principle—down from the hills to send the hated dictator Batista fleeing for his life. What was glory and noble purpose in January has turned into demagoguery and chaos in July.

This week, as Castro staged the biggest political show of his tumultuous career, bringing half a million peasants into the gay and wicked city of Havana for no other purpose than to bolster his own ego and demonstrate his personal power, it was clear that the revolution had gone sour. Cuba had exchanged one dictatorship for another. Although Castro's brand of one-man rule is as yet far less violent and

cruel than Batista's, his wild-eyed reforms have brought the country to the brink of economic ruin. What is worse, Fidel Castro, either deliberately or unwittingly, is giving the Communist cause more aid and comfort than any political leader in Latin America since Jacobo Arbenz fled Guatemala in 1954.

Many facts back up these statements. Fact No. 1 is that Cuba does not have a democratic government or any current prospects of getting one. Castro has not yet held elections or set a date for holding them. No amount of unregistered popular approval absolves him from the duty to hold elections—as he promised in January—if he is to deserve the right to call his government democratic.

Another essential of democracy that is lacking in Cuba is a free press. While the press is not controlled and directed, as in Franco's Spain and Khrushchev's Russia, Cuban newspapers seldom print any criticism of Fidel or his top aides. To do so would be to risk arrest

and death as a "counterrevolutionary" or, more likely, to have Fidel set the mob on the newspaper or newspaperman bold enough to dissent. The same thing holds true of radio and television.

Cuba abounds in the propaganda trappings that often signal a dictatorship. Signs announcing support for Castro and his agrarian reform program fill store windows all over Havana. Pictures of the "jefe máximo" (biggest chief) are everywhere. The I.N.R.A., or Instituto Nacional de Reforma Agraria (National Agrarian Reform Institute), a sort of superstate-within-a-state, of which Castro is president, has its own news service. A new Havana news agency, *Prensa Latina*, was recently set up with Castro's blessing to be sure the rest of the hemisphere gets the approved story of his Cuba.

Now on sale in newspaper kiosks and bookshops all over Cuba is a collection of children's coloring books called *Heroes of the Revolution*. In the books are drawings showing a heroic



THE COUNTRY ARISES to support Castro on the July 26 anniversary celebration in Havana. This column, headed for the big city, is from Yaguajay.

PITCHER CASTRO performs to promote land reform with catcher, army chief Cienfuegos. Umpire called enough strikes to give him scoreless inning.

TO CHAOS

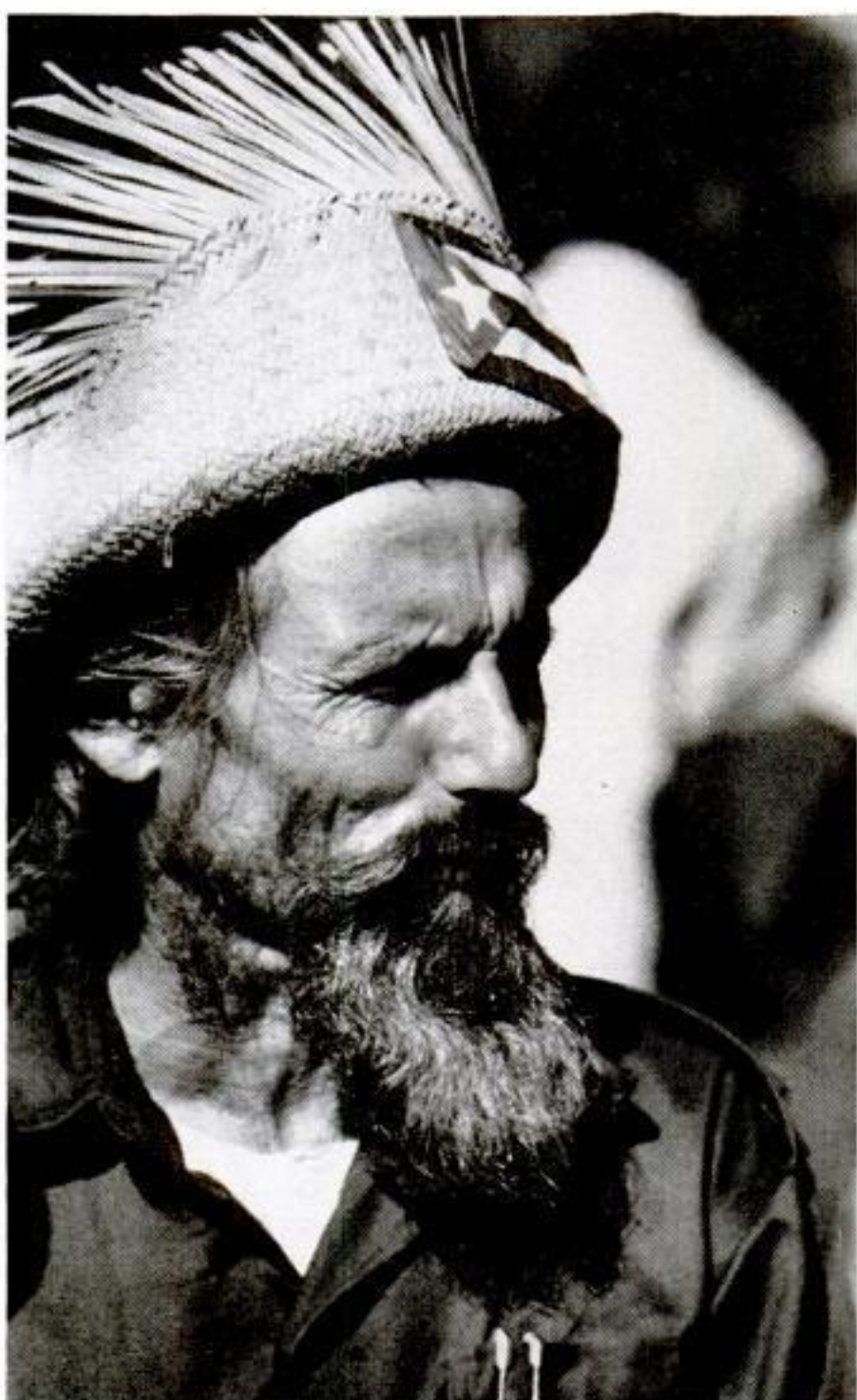
Castro astride a noble charger, an angelic Castro with two doves on his shoulder addressing the masses, and pictures of Castro aides. One of the series, however, disappeared from circulation recently: it contained a noble likeness of President Manuel Urrutia, whom Castro ruthlessly deposed two weeks ago (LIFE, July 27).

Castro's pretensions to democracy seem all the more cynical when some other facts of current Cuban life are taken into consideration. An average of 10 to 20 "terrorists" and "counterrevolutionaries" are arrested every night in Havana. Every day two or three desperately fearful people seek and obtain asylum in foreign embassies, and half a dozen or more flee every week in small boats to Key West and Miami. Above all stands the bare fact that the death penalty has been officially decreed for counterrevolutionary activities or any activity damaging to the economy of the country.

Not only is Cuba a dictatorship, it is a military dictatorship. Castro, who promised to end

CONTINUED





FIDEL'S FARM SUPPORT, straw-hatted *campesinos* from Las Villas area, were led to Havana by Felix Torre (middle) to spark mass plea that Castro resume his loudly vacated office of prime minister.

CHAOS IN CUBA CONTINUED

militarism forever in Cuba, today has a larger army (best estimates of its strength: 35,000 armed and trained men) than he did when he took power. The Revolutionary Army is the supreme authority in Cuba, and in most areas it is the only authority. Castro himself still wears the uniform of an army major. Antonio Nuñez Jiménez, who as director of the I.N.R.A. is in charge of land reform, is in uniform and prefers the title of captain to that of director.

Most military dictatorships are at least orderly and efficient, but Castro's is both inefficient and chaotic. The chaos stems partly from the strange personality of Fidel Castro himself, but most of it is the result of muddled and radical economic planning by a government trying to do too much too fast without regard for the consequences.

Trying to do business with the Cuban government is a nightmarish undertaking. Since Castro is the government and his ministers only rubber-stampers, all major decisions are made by Fidel—and Fidel is always dropping out of sight. He has an obsessive fear of staying in one place very long. He has no office. He spends most of his office time in a chair pulled up to the desk of I.N.R.A. Director Nuñez Jiménez in the still unfinished I.N.R.A. headquarters on the road to the Havana airport.

Nuñez's office is a long, bare chamber with four or five desks which are used by anyone who drops in. At lunch time paper doilies are laid on the desks and Fidel, his brother Raúl, Nuñez, and anyone else who is around eat box lunches of *arroz con pollo* (chicken and rice) and drink soda pop. This office, which is the nearest thing to a real seat of government in Cuba, has only one telephone line. When Fidel is there it is practically impossible to get through to him on the phone—not because he will not talk but because one line cannot carry the load.

Castro has no home—or rather, he has many homes. He has a room in the Havana Hilton (he likes to arrive unannounced, stride into the hotel's big kitchen and eat with the staff), a small villa in the fishing village of Cojimar near Havana, an apartment on 11th Street in the Vedado section of Havana, a penthouse taken over from an American gangster on 22nd Street in the same section, and a small house in the Miramar residential suburb. On any given night Fidel may sleep at any of these or half a dozen other places he fancies.

His peripatetic behavior might be excusable in a buccaneering revolutionary who finds it tough to sit still. In a prime minister with such enormous responsibilities, such antics are disastrous.

Potentially more disastrous, however, even than Fidel's irresponsibility are the rash and radical measures which the new government has taken with the announced purpose of "basically changing the economic structure of the nation." The cornerstones of Fidel's program are two outwardly noble ideas: land reform and rent reduction. Although the former will in the long run have the more serious consequences, it is the rash cutting of the admittedly high rents that has had the most immediate and visible effect on the Cuban economy.

On March 6 Fidel Castro's government announced a flat, across-the-board reduction in all rents of from 30% to 50%, depending on the type of property. This had the immediate effect of cutting all real estate values by at least

half, for nobody wants to buy real estate that does not bring in a good return.

Besides lowering the value of real estate, this decree had another effect which any good high school economics student could have foreseen: it wrecked the Cuban construction industry and crippled its allied trades. None of this bothers Castro's economic planners, who say the decrees were deliberately intended to divert investment from rental real estate into productive industry such as the making of consumer goods. "We have nothing against making money," says one, "as long as you make it in productive industry."

Whether private investors are likely to put their money into "productive industry," as Castro's young planners define it, is highly doubtful. U.S. investors, frightened by both the rent laws and the confiscatory agrarian reform program, are staying away in droves. A U.S. embassy official estimates that Cuba is losing an average of about \$6 million a week in potential new U.S. investment. Only a few American investors see ground-floor possibilities in what they think may turn out to be a revolution-sparked boom in Cuba. One of them is Erwin B. (Bud) Arvey, son of the Chicago politician. Arvey is president of the Cuban Bat Guano Corporation.

Bud Arvey, a likable and idealistic young man, came to Cuba in July 1958 after learning that Cuban caves contained some of the world's best deposits of bat dung, a high potency fertilizer used especially in the cultivation of flowers. Arvey tried to make a deal with the Batista government to take over the development and exporting of the bat dung, but Batista's henchmen wanted too much under the table. On Jan. 1, 1959, Arvey had given up and was ready to fly home. Then Fidel Castro took over, and Arvey decided to wait.

It took Arvey four months to get to see Fidel and another two months to work out a contract. Fidel agreed to put up \$250,000 to match an equal amount put up by Arvey, and I.N.R.A. was to deliver the bat dung to Arvey for processing and export. Arvey, who sees a \$4 to \$5 million annual business in bat droppings, says Fidel is a fine man to do business with. "He is as honest as the day is long and lives up to his word."

Most other businessmen, both American and Cuban, are more critical, especially those who are directly affected by Castro's most drastic economic stroke to date: the Agrarian Reform Law. Under the new law all individual land holdings greater than 995 acres (except for sugar cane, rice and cattle farms, which may be as big as 3,316 acres) are to be expropriated by the government and divided among the peasants in 67-acre plots.

Hardest hit by this decree will be the big U.S. sugar companies which, in order to assure sugar for their mills, own more than a quarter of Cuba's cultivated land. Castro realizes that if his I.N.R.A. becomes a super holding company for all expropriated lands, it cannot maintain Cuban sugar production. So he has let the companies know that cane lands will not be touched until after the 1960 harvest ends next spring. (As one U.S. businessman put it: "It's like announcing they're going to cut off your head and then giving you



BUD ARVEY IN CUBA

a year of grace.") But cattle and tobacco properties belonging to both Cubans and Americans (some with sugar-producing lands on them) have already been "intervened." Soldiers are on the land, and the cattle business is virtually at a standstill.

The experience of one cane grower in Camagüey province is typical of I.N.R.A. bungling. His lands were "intervened," and a rebel army officer showed up with a squad of soldiers and orders to burn off the cane in order to prepare the land for rice growing. The farmer explained that rice took a lot more water than cane and that it would be an act of counter-revolutionary economics to destroy the cane in favor of a crop that could not be grown. The officer was impressed and agreed to take the word back to the local I.N.R.A. administrator, but he made one plea: "Just let me burn one acre. I have orders to burn some cane, and I must carry them out." The farmer stood by while an acre of his cane was needlessly burned.

I.N.R.A. Director Nuñez Jiménez denies that the agrarian reform program is Marxist, or even for that matter very radical. He says the same thing has been done in Puerto Rico, in the Philippines and by the U.S. occupation forces in Japan. To some extent this is true. Nuñez denies that he or anyone else has any intention of trying to socialize Cuba. He says, "We are only trying to move from feudalism to enlightened capitalism. The Cuban people are not ready for socialism."

Other and more experienced economists, however, see in the Castro-Nuñez program a familiar Marxist pattern. For example, even after the land is divided among the peasants at 67 acres each, the peasant will not really have title to it. Title will be retained by the ubiquitous I.N.R.A. Since in many lines such as cattle raising it will be extremely difficult for the peasant to break even, he will be forced to join government cooperatives, a system which all too often leads to collective farms. Thus from being a sharecropper for a rich landowner, he will advance to being a sharecropper for the state.

U.S. businessmen, who have an \$850 million stake in Cuba, are understandably seething at a policy that amounts to confiscation. No businessman in Cuba believes that the government will be able to pay off the 20-year bonds with which Castro proposes to repay the landowners. As one businessman pointed out, "Even if they do, you can't take the pesos out of the country."

Cuban businessmen are afraid even to talk. Those who do ask that they not be identified or photographed. But their silent resentment symbolizes an active, growing and increasingly desperate opposition to Castro inside Cuba.

All but denied expression in press, parliament or public forum, this opposition, which includes an astonishing proportion of former Castro supporters, talks increasingly of turning to violence as the only means of making itself felt. There is much wishful thinking in such circles about the possible assassination of Castro, or an armed uprising some time in August, or help from the U.S. What is basically lacking in all the opposition planning is not only a following among the peasants but a leader who can rival Fidel Castro in mob appeal. Almost everybody realizes also that even if Fidel disappeared from the scene, his brother Raúl or some other July 26 leader would take over. Any effort to frustrate the



FUN WITH FIDELITO, Castro's 9-year-old son, brings grin to face of Captain Nuñez Jiménez (right),

boss of new agrarian reform plan, and aide, after boy squirted water at him in I.N.R.A. headquarters.



STRIKING FOR FIDEL, citizenry collected for July 26 celebration squat in Havana crossroads to

insure that no traffic moves. One-hour work stop was called to demonstrate people's loyalty to Castro.



SHRIEKING FOR FIDEL, chorus of women call to him after he addressed Cuban workers' meeting

convened as buildup to July 26 doings. As Castro left a woman said, "I touched him, I touched him!"

CONTINUED



IDLE CEMENT MIXING TRUCKS, INACTIVE SINCE CASTRO'S DRASTIC ROLLBACK OF RENTS SLOWED PRIVATE CONSTRUCTION, STAND IN LOT OUTSIDE HAVANA

CHAOS IN CUBA CONTINUED

revolution at this point would risk civil war.

The opposition hopes that Fidel may yet cause his own downfall, either by his madcap economic schemes which will surely worsen the average Cuban's lot and eventually turn him against the government, or by carrying his anti-American campaign too far. The opposition hopes that the average educated Cuban, who tends by history and tradition toward a warm friendship with the United States, is not going to sit by indefinitely and see Fidel lead his country straight into the arms of Soviet Russia.

That is exactly what a great many upper- and middle-class Cubans these days think Fidel is doing. Almost nobody believes that Fidel is on Moscow's payroll, and even those Cubans who oppose Fidel think that ex-Air Force Commander Pedro Díaz Lanz (*see p. 20*) overstated the case before the Eastland committee in Washington with his sweeping charges about actual Communists in the Cuban government.

Several of Castro's key assistants have had marked leftist leanings, but none of the people—Cubans or foreigners—whose job it is to know such things can pinpoint a known Communist holding a high position in the Castro government.

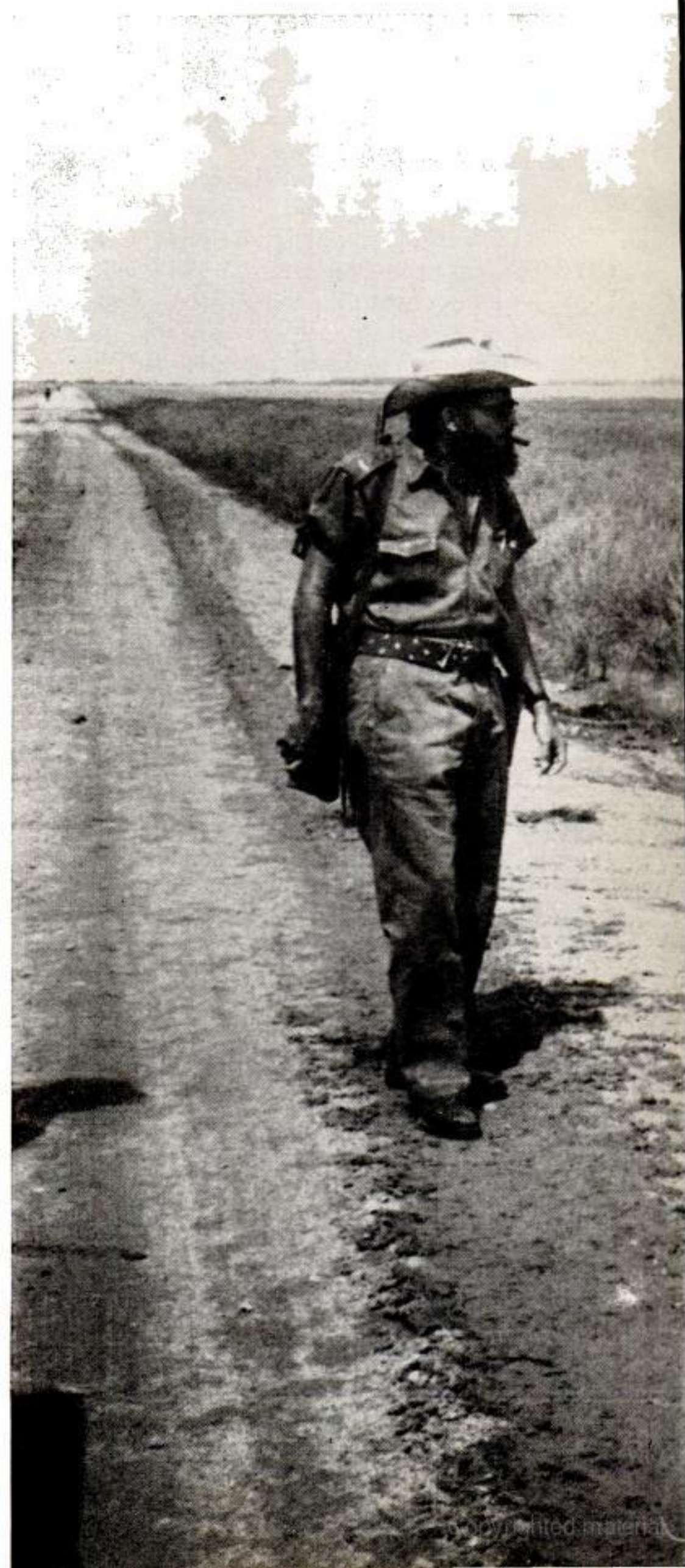
In other words, it would be almost impossible to convict Fidel Castro and his government of being active agents of world Communism. But—and it is the largest but in the whole situation—Castro's actions and his policies are beyond doubt serving the Communist cause. From Fidel down, no leader of the Castro government has ever said anything bad about the Soviet Union and kept his job. But Fidel and his boys have plenty to say about the United States. They say, with unwavering regularity, that the U.S. is a huge imperialist

country bent on exploiting and blackmailing Cuba. There is a deliberate campaign in the army and the beginnings of one in the schools to rewrite the history of U.S.-Cuban relations. The official publication of the Cuban armed forces, *Verde Olivo (Olive Green)*, said last week in an editorial: "The Cuban War of Independence was frustrated by American intervention, carried out under the pretext of contributing to the triumph of our arms."

Fidel's soft attitude toward Communism probably stems, like most other things in Cuba, from his own unstable personality. Castro is highly sensitive to criticism, and the uproar in the United States early this year over his executions of former Batista men stung him deeply. Although it is difficult to believe he did not foresee strong reaction from people whose possessions he was out to take forcibly, the U.S. criticism of his agrarian reform program further embittered him against this country. The defection of Díaz Lanz, a good friend and comrade-in-arms, hurt him to the quick, and the Americans' acceptance of the "traitorous" Díaz was an added rub of salt in the wound.

Fidel is now so embittered against the U.S. that he feels that any hint of anti-Communism would seem to be giving in to the hated imperialists of the north. Thus Castro is caught in a trap of his own making: he must become ever more tolerant of the Communists in order to avoid being subservient to the Americans.

Castro has not succumbed enough to paranoia or egomania, however, to delude himself for a moment that the United States, which is engaged in a struggle for survival with the Communists, is going to permit the establishment of a Soviet base of operations 90 miles from its shoreline. Americans and Cubans of goodwill can still hope that Fidel Castro will wake up before it is too late.





STOCKPILED TRACTORS, PURCHASED WITH CASTRO'S AGRARIAN REFORM FUND, AWAIT DELIVERY TO SHARECROPPERS WHO RECEIVE LAND UNDER NEW LAW



FUGITIVE WHO BELIEVED IN CASTRO TELLS STORY

The most conspicuous defector from Castro's Cuba thus far is Fidel's former air force chief and personal pilot. Here is his story, tape-recorded by LIFE Correspondent Russell Sackett in a U.S. hideaway, the eloquent account of one man's dream and disillusionment.

by MAJOR PEDRO DIAZ LANZ

AROUND the first of the year 1958 I quit my job as a pilot for the Moa Bay Mining Co. in Santiago de Cuba and joined the revolutionary forces of a man named Fidel Castro, whom I had never met. I flew arms and ammunition to Castro's men in the Sierra Maestra, fought with the ground forces in four major actions and became Fidel's personal pilot. When the Castro forces took over Cuba last January I became commander of the Cuban Air Force. Then on June 29, 1959, so short a time ago that events still blur in my head, I escaped from Castro's Cuba—branded as a deserter and a traitor.

The Fidel who used to talk of freedom and constitution and free elections, who was friendly and considerate in the Sierra Maestra, now listens only to those who leap when he says, "Up!" and squat when he says "Down!" It matters little whether he is a Communist. The Communists among his closest followers, by feeding his enormous ego, have branded themselves in Fidel's eyes not only as trustworthy lieutenants but as very bright fellows.

My trouble with Fidel started when, flying back to Havana from the Sierra Maestra where Fidel had signed his agrarian reform measure, I talked to him seriously about Communist activities among the *Fidelistas*. Then I learned of indoctrination classes, led by known Communists, being held among air force personnel. I attended such a session. It was devoted chiefly to propaganda against "imperialist Yankees" and to planting the idea that revolution means not just overthrow of tyranny but ultimately the abolition of capital. I ordered the classes stopped. Shortly thereafter I took sick with typhus. Fidel sent Juan Almeida, who previously had been in charge of infantry, to replace me. The same day he did that one of my men came over to my house and told me, "Fidel is telling horrible things about you."

I got dressed and went over to air force headquarters half a block away. Fidel was there in my office, with Almeida and the defense minister, Augusto Martínez. When he saw me, Fidel stopped talking and left the room, the others following. Soon after, Martínez came back in with 10 men—none of them in my command—carrying sidearms and machine guns. One walked over behind me, and I heard the snap as he unfastened the flap on his holster. I turned on him and reached for my own pistol. He hesitated, looking over at Martínez, who finally motioned him out.

I returned home. As soon as I recovered from the typhus, I decided to gamble on issuing a statement to the press. I said I was against any dictatorship, including Batista's, Trujillo's and that of the Communists. Shortly after that Almeida told me, "Fidel wants to see you."

I went over to Fidel's house in the Vedado section. I figured if Castro wanted to arrest me he would have to kill me. As we talked, I had my holster unclipped and my pistol off safety. As I sat facing him with my right hand on my hip, Fidel kept looking at that hand.

"Who are you who talk to the press like that?" he shouted.

"Why can I not do it?" I asked. "Just because I say something about Communism? What is the danger in that?"

Fidel was enraged. "Here, everyone has to carry out my orders," he said. "You go home, Pedro. Almeida will be in charge of the air force and I'll see what I'm going to do to you later on."

Obviously I had a little time—but not much. I talked to my half-brother Sergio. He came after me and my wife Tania in a 40-foot sailboat and took us to Miami. I was sick and disappointed, and I still am.

Fidel could give Cuba democracy, a free election, a constitution—anything, if this were what he wanted. Obviously it is not. Fidel will never trust the people to share his power. It spells more tragedy for the country where I was born 32 years ago, and where as a boy of 8 I kicked and bit soldiers of a dictator named Batista as they dragged my father off to jail. I have seen too many dictators; and to the list I now must add Fidel Castro who pretended to be something quite different.



MAJOR DIAZ LANZ IN U.S.

THE CASTRO MANNER, warm and winning—when he is with friends—is demonstrated as Fidel thanks women who gave him embroidered portrait of himself.

THE LOYALTY OF LABOR, solidly behind Castro despite economic troubles, is shown by textile boss Jesús Soto (left), who urges him to return as premier.

THE HEIR APPARENT, if Castro slips, is tough left-wing younger brother Raúl (left), shown here at benefit baseball game with new Cuban President Dorticós.







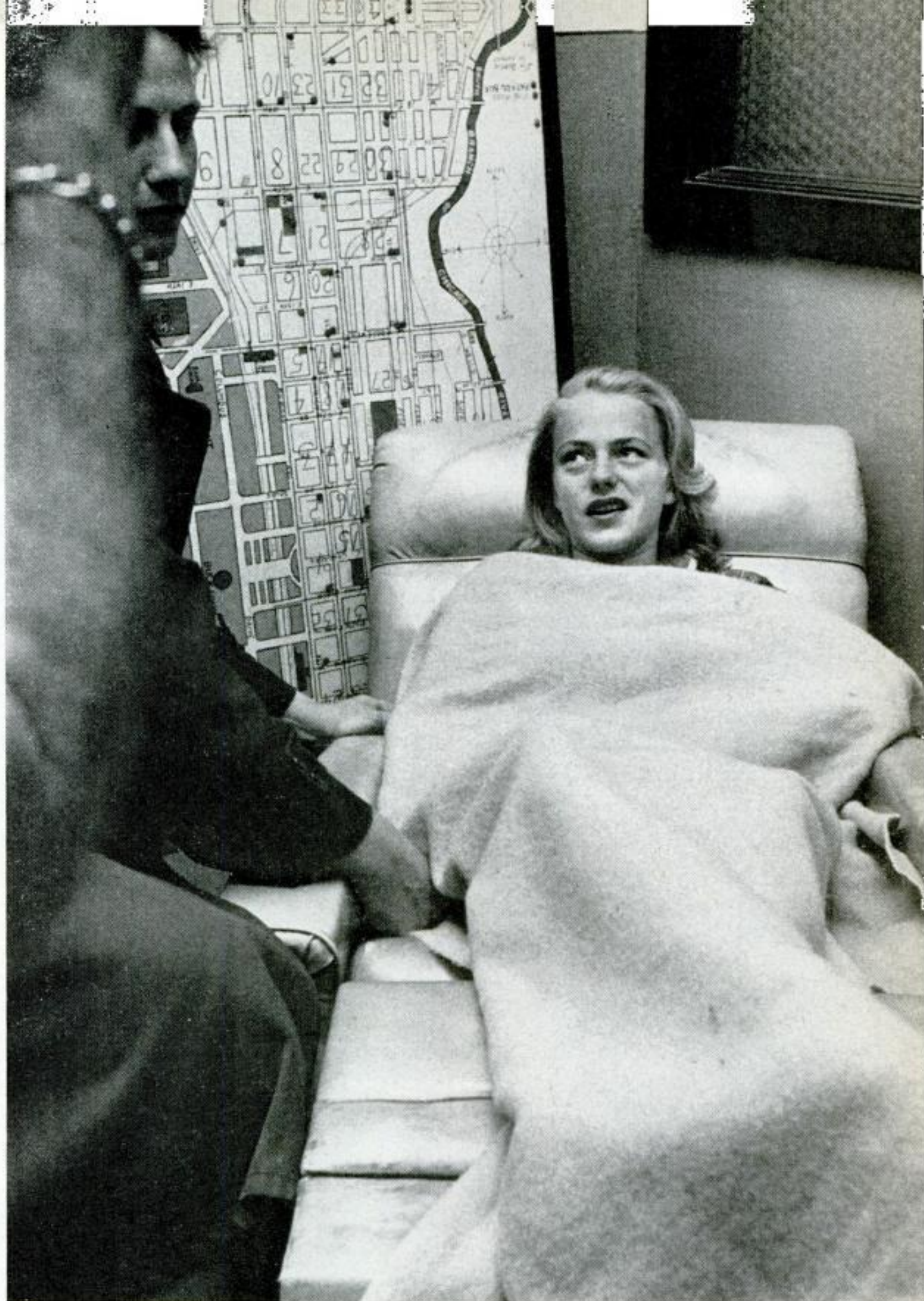
LIGHTHEARTED SPRINGTIME was reflected in informal pose Gay chose four months ago, shortly after she had been chosen Sweet Briar's Queen of the May.

THE MAY QUEEN'S BAFFLING JOURNEY

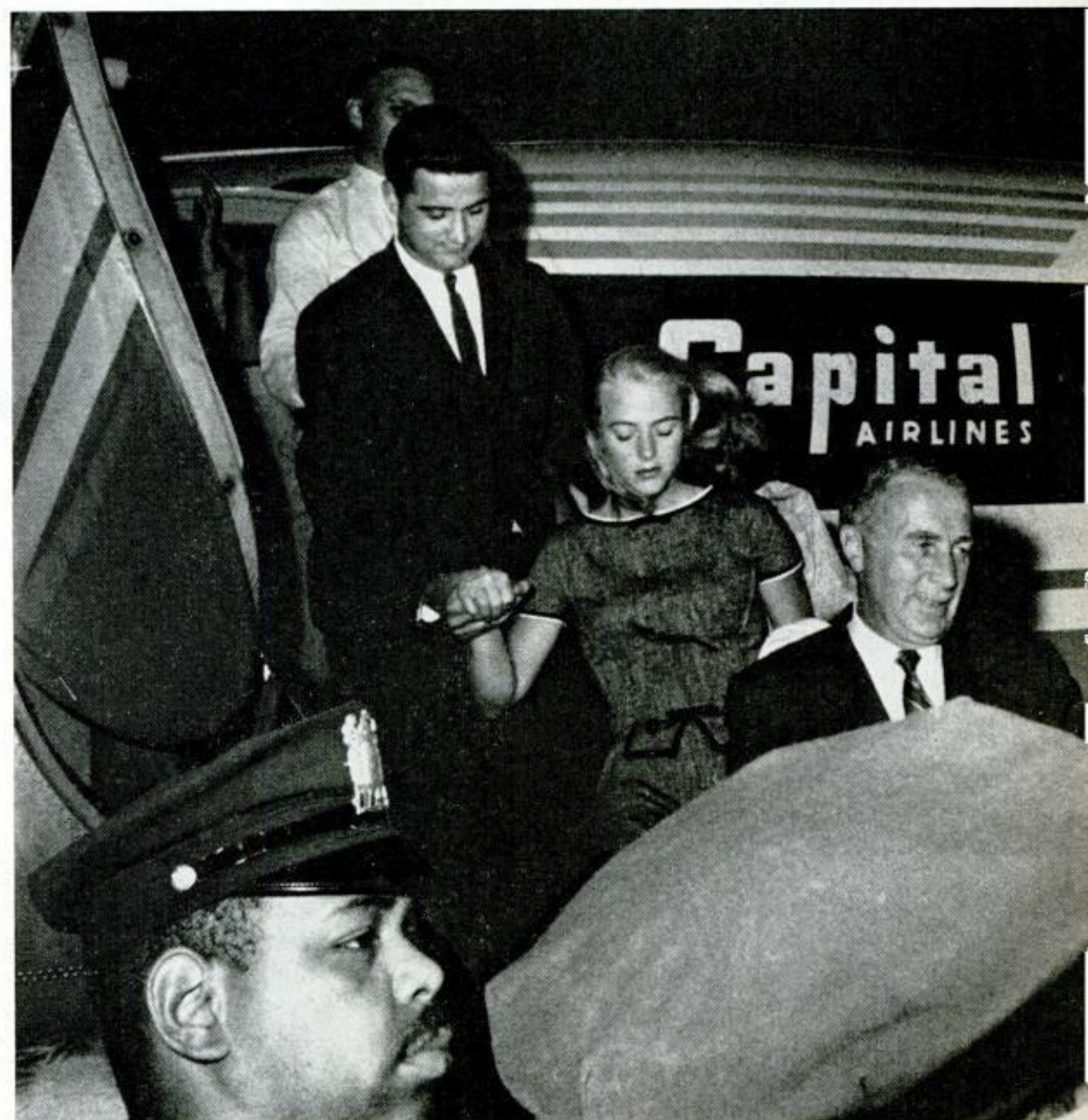
For nearly four days last week, what at first sounded like a tragic human drama was on the nation's mind. It contained classic elements: a beautiful girl disappearing in the night, a wealthy and distraught family, a handsome, worried fiancé. For a while it also seemed to include a kidnaping. But in the end the mystery of the disappearance and the romance of the abduction were stripped away. What was left was the story of a tormented girl and her 50-hour flight.

At 21, Jacqueline Gay Hart seemed to have everything. Her family in Short Hills, N.J. was prosperous. In June she had graduated from Sweet Briar College, where she had been Queen of the May and a good student. She was engaged to a good-looking six-footer named Stanley Gaines. One night she drove Gaines to Newark airport and saw him board a plane for Pittsburgh. After that Gay Hart dropped from sight. Not until two frantic days later did she turn up again, in Chicago. There she told police she had been seized by two men, driven to Chicago and eventually released because she was "too hot to handle."

After hours of questioning she broke down and admitted the story was a lie but claimed she could not remember what really happened. The FBI supplied details. She had come to the city by bus and whiled away her time at movies, going to five one day. She told the FBI that she had "sort of exploded" with pre-marriage panic. At the end of the week Gay left Chicago with her father and her fiancé and flew home to rest.



SWATHED IN BLANKET, Gay rests on couch at Chicago police headquarters after telling detectives details of "kidnaping" story she later admitted was false.



DRAMA ENDS where it began four days earlier, at Newark airport. Home from Chicago, fiancé Stanley Gaines holds Gay's hand as father leads way off plane.



SENATE SPONSORS of White Fleet photographed in President's Room at Capitol are: co-sponsors of resolution Hubert Humphrey (Minn.) and George Aiken (Vt.) in center, and supporters (*from left as heads appear*) Senators Jacob Javits (N.Y.), Henry Jackson (Wash.), Frank Church (Idaho), Clinton

Anderson (N. Mex.), Vance Hartke (Ind.), William Proxmire (Wis.), Frank Moss (Utah), Paul Douglas (Ill.), Ralph Yarborough (Texas), Wayne Morse (Oregon), Estes Kefauver (Tenn.), Kenneth Keating (N.Y.), John Pastore (R.I.), Gale McGee (Wyo.), Clifford Case (N.J.) and Harrison Williams (N.J.).



POLL OF CONGRESS IS TAKEN OVER PHONES BY

PRAISE FOR THE PLAN

Rep. Henry Reuss (Wis.) "LIFE's White Fleet idea is as inspiring as that of the prophet Isaiah that we should beat our swords into ploughshares."

Rep. Thomas Pelly (Wash.) "Florence Nightingale could not have suggested a better idea."

Rep. Joseph W. Martin Jr. (Mass.) "The White Fleet would call attention of the world in a dramatic way to the real America—a people who ardently desire peace and genuinely hope for a better world for all."

Sen. Warren Magnuson (Wash.) "No finer use could be made of ships built for U.S. defense than to acquaint the world with America's desire for peace."

Rep. Daniel Flood (Pa.) "It's like taking a white stripe from the flag and putting it to work."

Sen. Lyndon Johnson (Texas) "This strikes me as an imaginative idea which would show forcefully to the world that our people would rather come with bread than with a sword."

THE WHITE FLEET PROPOSAL GETS FAST HEAD OF STEAM

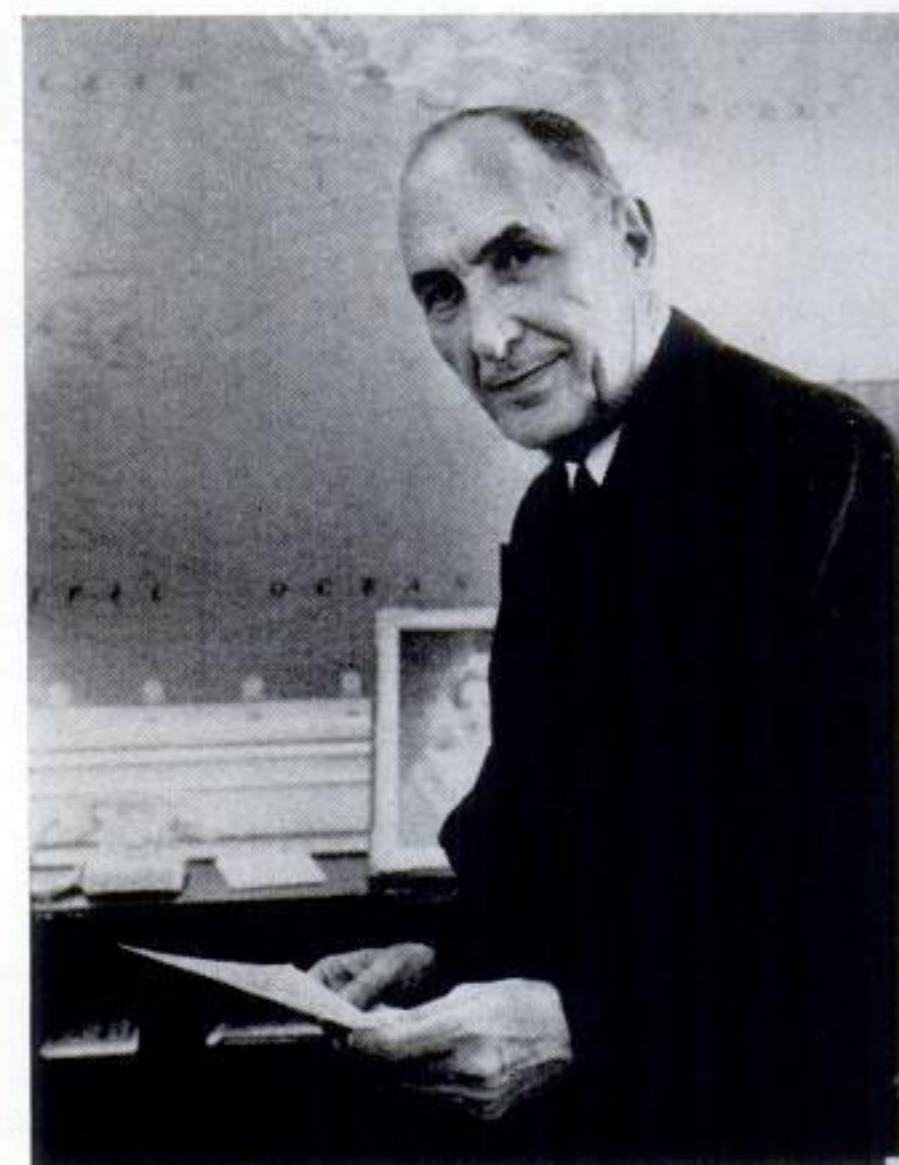
The idea of a White Fleet to take U.S. aid to needy areas of the world, proposed by LIFE last week, caught on fast and produced support from every quarter. In his press conference President Eisenhower commented on the proposal. He pointed out, as LIFE did last week, that the ships must function as a guest fleet, moving in on the invitation of countries which needed help. "I know that it will receive earnest study," he said. Later the White House confirmed that the President himself was keenly interested in the White Fleet idea.

LIFE conducted its own poll of Congress, where resolutions proposing the fleet are already gaining headway. The poll's results, overwhelmingly in favor of the idea, are summarized in the chart on the opposite page and in

the typical answers quoted (*above, right*).

The embassies of countries which might be helped by the fleet were also full of praise. "Our people will welcome it," said the Philippine embassy. The Vietnamese embassy called it "a great, generous idea of the U.S."

But the fleet is not yet a reality. Later on LIFE will advise its readers where to send contributions for it. For now those in favor of the White Fleet proposal may write to the chairmen of the two armed services committees which now have jurisdiction over the White Fleet resolutions. Their names and addresses are: Senator Richard B. Russell, Room 205, Senate Office Building, Washington 25, D.C. and Representative Carl Vinson, Room 309, House Office Building, Washington 25, D.C.



SECRETARY OF THE NAVY William Franke, who would provide ships for fleet, says proposal is good but that much planning is needed to carry it out.



'LIFE' EMPLOYEES IN A WASHINGTON, D.C. HOTEL

IN THE U.S. CONGRESS

Rep. Carl Vinson (Ga.) "I am tremendously impressed with the concept of this program. There are details that would have to be carefully considered, but I can think of none that cannot be solved."

Rep. George Huddleston, Jr. (Ala.) "This is the first fresh idea in the cold war in some time."

Sen. Jacob Javits (N.Y.) "There is no substitute for compassion among all mankind, any more than there is for a smile."

Sen. Richard Neuberger (Ore.) "What better way than this to create goodwill, sympathy and even love for America in the crowded lands where a decision is yet to be made between democracy and communism?"

Rep. Carl Perkins (Ky.) "Commander Manson has rendered a great service to his country."

Sen. Clinton Anderson (N. Mex.) "The surplus food the fleet carries would be better in people's digestive tracts than rotting in storage."



"PROJECT HOPE" BACKER, Dr. William Walsh, interrupts practice to answer special project phone. His group has one hospital ship sailing next year.



HOUSE SPONSORS grouped in a Capitol hallway around chief sponsors Ed Edmondson (Okla.) and William Bates (Mass.), are (left to right as heads appear) Representatives Merwin Coad (Iowa), Frank Burke (Ky.), Leo O'Brien (N.Y.), Byron Rogers (Colo.), D.S. Saund (Calif.), Henry Reuss (Wis.),

Carl Albert (Okla.), William Natcher (Ky.), Charles Brown (Mo.), John Lindsay (N.Y.), John Saylor (Pa.), John Jarman (Okla.), Toby Morris (Okla.), and Charles Boyle (Ill.). According to House Armed Services Committee Chairman Carl Vinson resolutions will probably not be acted on in this session.

RESULTS OF 'LIFE' POLL OF CONGRESS

REACTION TO FLEET PROPOSAL	SENATE			HOUSE		
	REP.	DEM.	TOTAL	REP.	DEM.	TOTAL
ALL IN FAVOR	14	44	58	75	151	226
YES, WITH RESERVATIONS	8	4	12	22	33	55
OPPOSED	1	1	2	1	7	8
NO COMMENT	5	9	14	22	30	52
UNAVAILABLE	6	6	12	33	61	94

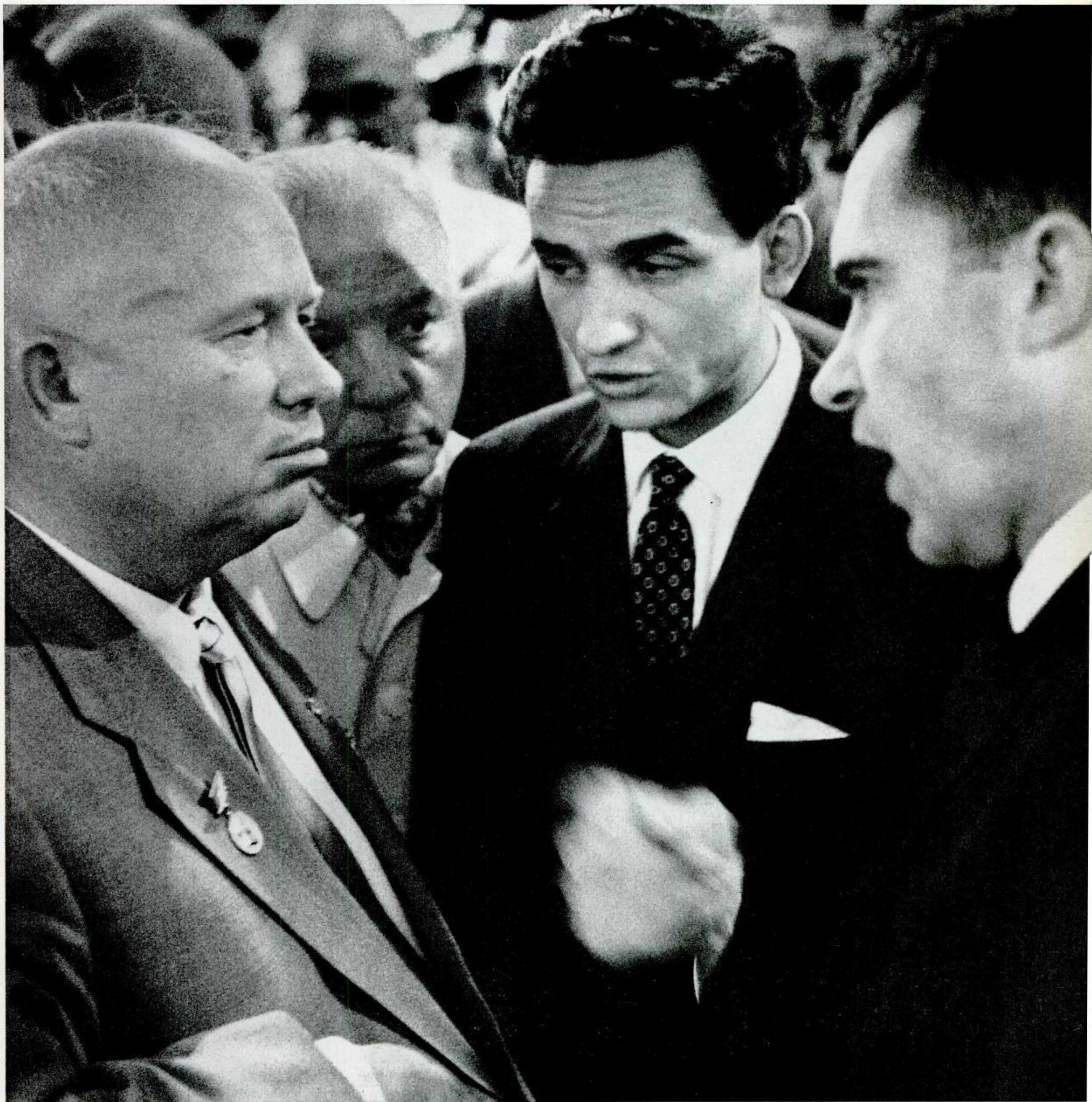
KHRUSHCHEV, SHAKING HIS FIST, SHOUTS AT NIXON . . .



THAT FAMOUS DEBATE IN CLOSE-UP PICTURES

In the tense exchanges between East and West throughout the cold war there had never been anything like the Nixon-Khrushchev debate last week, shown here in these close-up pictures. At the opening of the American National Exhibition in Moscow, the U.S. Vice President and Soviet premier waded into each other like a pair of primed trial lawyers. They batted back opinions on capitalism, missile bases, house-

... AND NIXON, SHAKING HIS FIST, SHOUTS BACK



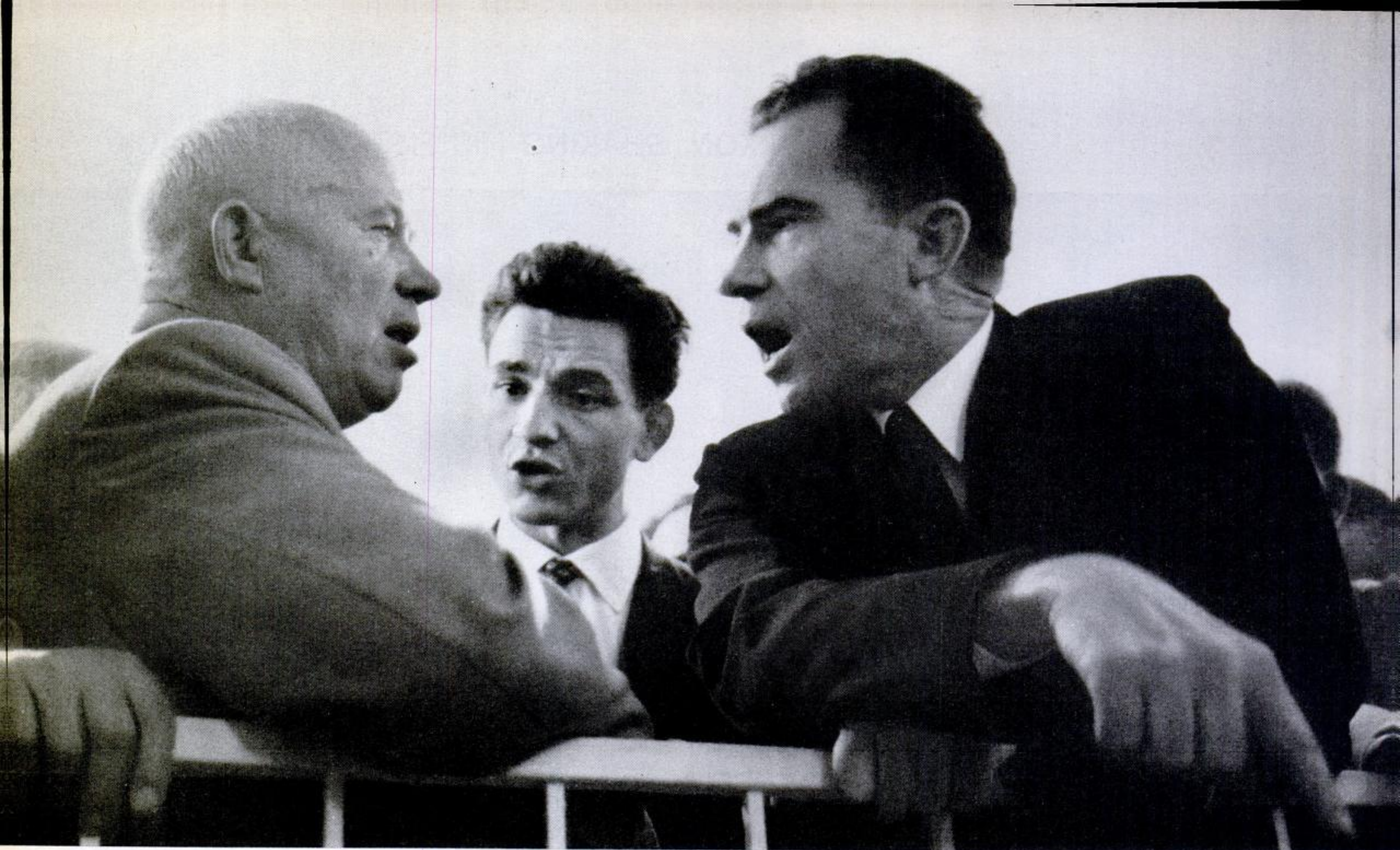
wives, jazz, the Geneva meeting and home insulation. Frank and noisy, gruff and good natured (sometimes), the running argument was overheard by the whole world.

The battle of words was joined after Khrushchev, smarting from a difficult week in Poland and the cancellation of a go in Scandinavia, boasted of Russia's progress. "When we catch up to you, in passing you by, we will

wave to you," he jabbed. The Vice President stuck cautiously to the rules. He suggested politely that open competition should include a free exchange of ideas. Khrushchev kept up his wordy offensive by debunking American "gadgets." Finally Nixon dropped protocol and began to slug it out with his host. "If you were in our Senate we would call you a filibusterer. . . . When we sit down at the

conference table it cannot all be one way. One side cannot put an ultimatum to another."

As the debate continued through a TV studio and reached a noisy climax at a model kitchen, Nixon answered his bouncy host, gibe for gibe, argument for argument. Before it was finished the unscheduled Kitchen Conference had produced the liveliest and bluntest dialogue in postwar international politics.



EVERYONE TALKS, including the excited interpreter (*above*), as Nixon and Khrushchev argue about taking advantage of new ideas in home construction.

IN LAUGHING AGREEMENT they joked about home appliance on display. Said Khrushchev, "This is probably always out of order." Said Nixon: "Da."



CONTINUED

"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."



The good old-time "kitchen garden" vegetables *...they all play a role in Campbell's famous blend of flavors*

Back in the days when most every home had a kitchen garden, some of the popular vegetables were parsnips, mustard greens, turnip greens, rutabagas, zucchini, and okra.

They're a little more unusual these days, so it might surprise you to know that every one of them is used in making Campbell's Soups. You see, as any fine home cook knows, these unsung characters of the vegetable world add special flavor qualities all their own.

The "seasoning" vegetables

The trick is to handle such vegetables almost like seasonings. To blend them and combine them so skillfully that, while you don't taste them individually, the result is a triumph of friendly flavors.

This means that our chefs have to know every

little quirk in every vegetable's personality. They have to know what vegetables get along well with each other. What vegetables used indiscreetly will "take over" in a blend of flavors.

All this didn't come in a day. In Campbell's test kitchens our chefs have been known to try a certain blend of vegetables more than a hundred ways before they were satisfied.

The art of little things

You might think that all this is a lot of work to go to for little lifts in flavor here and there. But we believe in the little things. They can often make the big difference between merely good cooking and really great cooking. This is the philosophy we live and cook by here at Campbell's: "To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

M-M-M GOOD!





So rich... so moist...
so quickly gone!



New Pillsbury *Deluxe* Cake Mixes

Available in both the U. S. and Canada

So rich... with a velvety crumb. So moist... with a light and tender texture. So quickly gone... the finest cakes ever baked from a mix. Pillsbury's exclusive new Turbo-Sifted cake flour, and the way Pillsbury puts everything together make it easier for the shortening and flavoring to spread richly and

evenly all through the cake. So the cake keeps its moist fresh taste longer than any mix cake ever did before.

Baking is believing. Pillsbury Deluxe Cake Mixes. Try your favorite and see.

You'll also enjoy the handy Pillsbury Loaf-size Cake Mixes.

YOUR 7 FAVORITE FLAVORS IN BEAUTIFUL NEW PACKAGES

Golden Yellow • Caramel • Orange • Chocolate Fudge • Pineapple • Old Fashioned Spice • White

NOW THERE ARE 7 NEW PILLSBURY LOAF-SIZE CAKE MIXES, TOO



*Nothing says lovin'
like something from the oven
and Pillsbury says it best!*



AFTER ALL-DAY DEBATE Vice President Nixon leads Premier Khrushchev away from the U.S. exhibition. In apologies, Nixon hoped he was not a poor host.

Khrushchev said he was sorry if he offended. "I always speak frankly," he added. Nixon said, "I've been insulted by experts. Everything we say is in good humor."

GENEVA: A REVIEW OF THE BIDDING

FOR THE INTUITIVE

Since some readers may think the weather too hot for a hard analysis (*see right*) of the Geneva conference, we append a few current quotations from some leading characters, whereby the essence of the world diplomatic situation may be readily intuited:

KHRUSHCHEV TO HARRIMAN:

"Gromyko only says what we tell him to. At the next Geneva meeting he will repeat what he has already told you. If he doesn't, we'll fire him and get someone who does."

KHRUSHCHEV TO A REPORTER (asking what he thought about Geneva): "I don't think at all. We have a Russian saying: 'Let the horse do the thinking, since it has a big head.'"

KHRUSHCHEV TO NIXON:

"Gromyko is not an idler. He is a very good man."

NIXON TO KHRUSHCHEV:

"We have great respect for Mr. Gromyko. As you said earlier he looks like me, but he is better looking."

KHRUSHCHEV TO NIXON: "Only outwardly."

COUVE DE MURVILLE TO GROMYKO and the other ministers:

"We are in complete confusion. We have reached a point at which neither side knows what the other is talking about."

When Vice President Nixon arrived in Moscow last week, Premier Khrushchev was howling with public rage. Reason: the U.S. Congress and the President had proclaimed the observance of Captive Nations Week, a pious reminder to ourselves that we have long-standing moral and treaty commitments to the people under Soviet rule in Eastern Europe. Khrushchev cannot stand such a reminder. The situation in the satellites is his Achilles heel. The failure of Communism in East Germany, illuminated by the shining magnet of free Berlin, was his reason for creating the diplomatic crisis still going on in Geneva.

The Geneva conference is now over two months old. As of last week neither Gromyko nor the Western ministers had made any concessions of major consequence. But the West, in its valiant effort to be reasonably conciliatory, had perhaps encouraged Gromyko to think he might still profit from his tactics of frustration. A review of the bidding is in order.

Khrushchev precipitated this conference by threatening a unilateral upset of the status quo in free Berlin, a city he calls "a malignant tumor which must be cut out." And he can upset it, just by letting his East German puppets take gradual control of the whole enclave. Secretary Herter has acknowledged that the usefulness of the West's 11,000 troops there is mainly symbolic. Nevertheless the West has refused to be intimidated into surrendering its rights in Berlin. Gromyko is therefore trying to wheedle us into a position where we shall find it even harder to defend them.

He has pushed for Western recognition of East Germany and the status of a "free (*i.e.*, unguarded) city" for West Berlin. The West for its part proposed a "package deal" of steps to implement the agreement joined in by Bulganin in 1955 for the reunification of Germany by free vote of the German people. Since these proposals were rejected, the ministers have discussed almost everything relating to Germany, and the West has made at least one concession it may live to regret: a willingness to restrict "propaganda" and "espionage" in Berlin. This could diminish or even finish Berlin's glorious role as an exit and asylum for refugees from Communism.

Gromyko has also made concessions—of a sort. First he delivers what sounds like an ultimatum. Then he postpones the date, or denies that it is an ultimatum. When a Russian grabs you by the throat and then relaxes his grip, it is a sure-fire technique for winning a piece of your gratitude, even if a small and subconscious piece. Herter's only comparable technique is to threaten to stop negotiating.

From all this frustration two cold lessons emerge. The first is that if it is difficult to

discern what the real Soviet goals are we can at least be clear about our own. One Western goal: to keep Berlin a free city, even at the risk of war. There has been no sign of weakness among the foreign ministers on this issue.

The second lesson is a question: Why should the idea of Western *gains* at Geneva be so unthinkable? Western steadfastness is not making Berlin any more tactically defensible. The only way to secure Berlin is to make it stronger—to change its whole environment.

The free reunification of Germany would secure Berlin. That is one reason (and there are even better ones) why we are right to insist on this U.S. goal. But Khrushchev has just declared the iron curtain between the Germanies a "sacred" frontier. With every month this frontier hardens, the day of reunification grows a more remote—but also more explosive—question. It is time to give our reunification policy an urgency it has not had up to now.

One requirement of this new urgency is to strengthen the ground forces on NATO's eastern frontier to the point where they could if necessary maintain a corridor to Berlin against East Germany's 20-odd Russian divisions. In this age of nuclear plenty, SAC by itself is a deteriorating deterrent for the defense of any single spot on the map, since an aggressor might reasonably figure that we would figure that even Berlin is not worth a world holocaust. The NATO nations have ample manpower (though not in uniform) to match and offset the Russian ground threat by modern tactical methods. A corridor in which the West can secure its own rights in Berlin is the first step to meaningful negotiations for the reunification of Germany.

The second step is to mobilize our greatest asset in that part of the world, namely the East German longing for freedom from Communism. That asset may well be the chief deterrent to Soviet aggression. It is why our political position, could we but arm and point it, is so much vastly stronger than Khrushchev's. It is why he raged so at the very idea of Captive Nations Week.

East Germany, says former High Commissioner Conant, is "a political liability for the Russians," and Moscow will one day find a formula for "liquidating its bad investment." Geneva is Khrushchev's gambling attempt to turn the liability into an asset by rigging the diplomatic market. He can be, perhaps has been, prevented by Western diplomacy—for the time being. But the only way to forestall another, later attempt is to push him now toward the liquidation of his bad investment.

Such are the lessons of Geneva so far—and the outline of what the West's next big decisions should be.

The trimmest weight watchers
just happen to eat **Post Grape-Nuts**

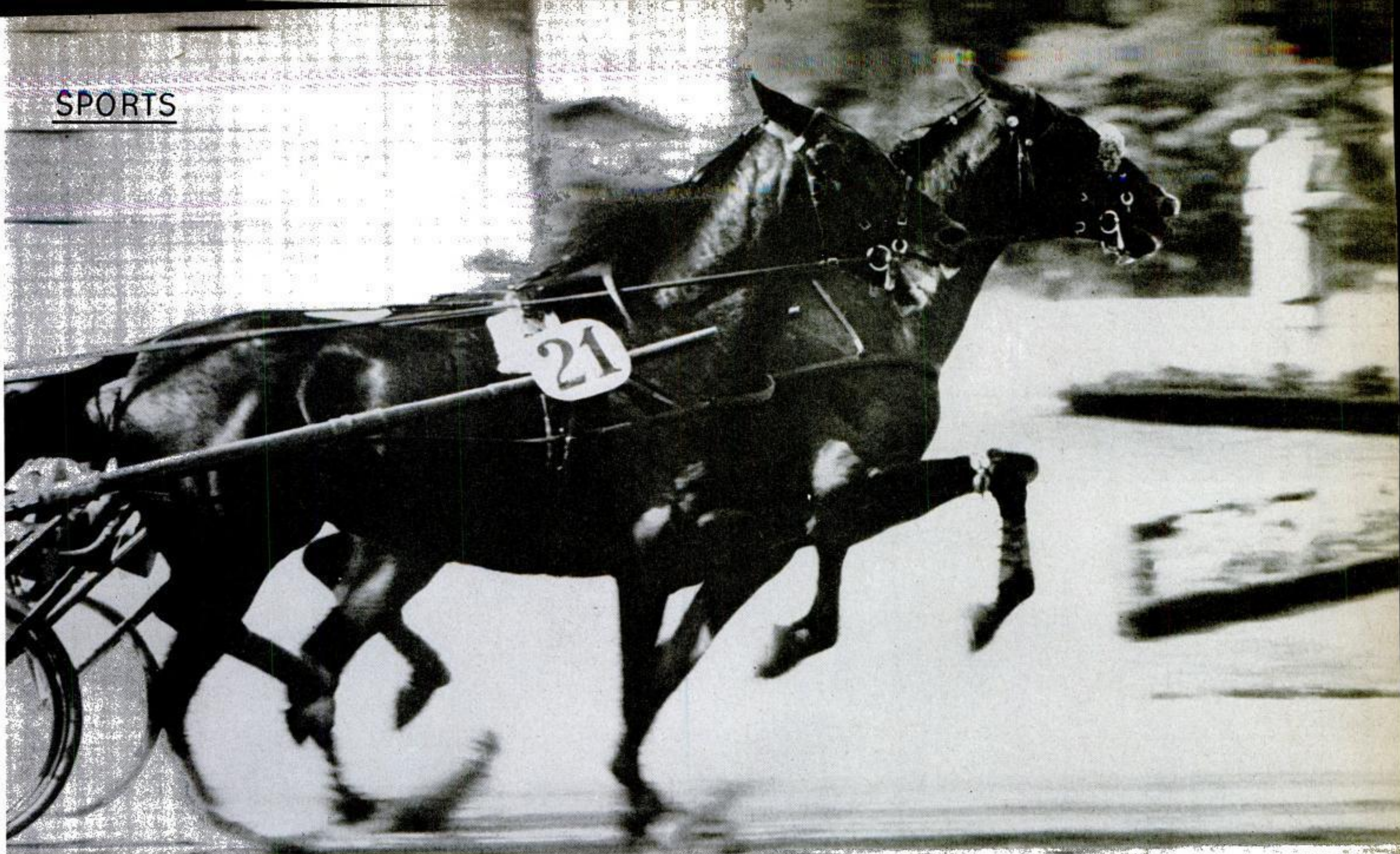
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per spoonful**

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HIS MUFFED EARS LAID BACK, JAMIN PULLS IN FRONT OF A RIVAL TROTTER DURING THE FINAL HEAT OF GRAND CIRCUIT RACE IN COPENHAGEN, DENMARK

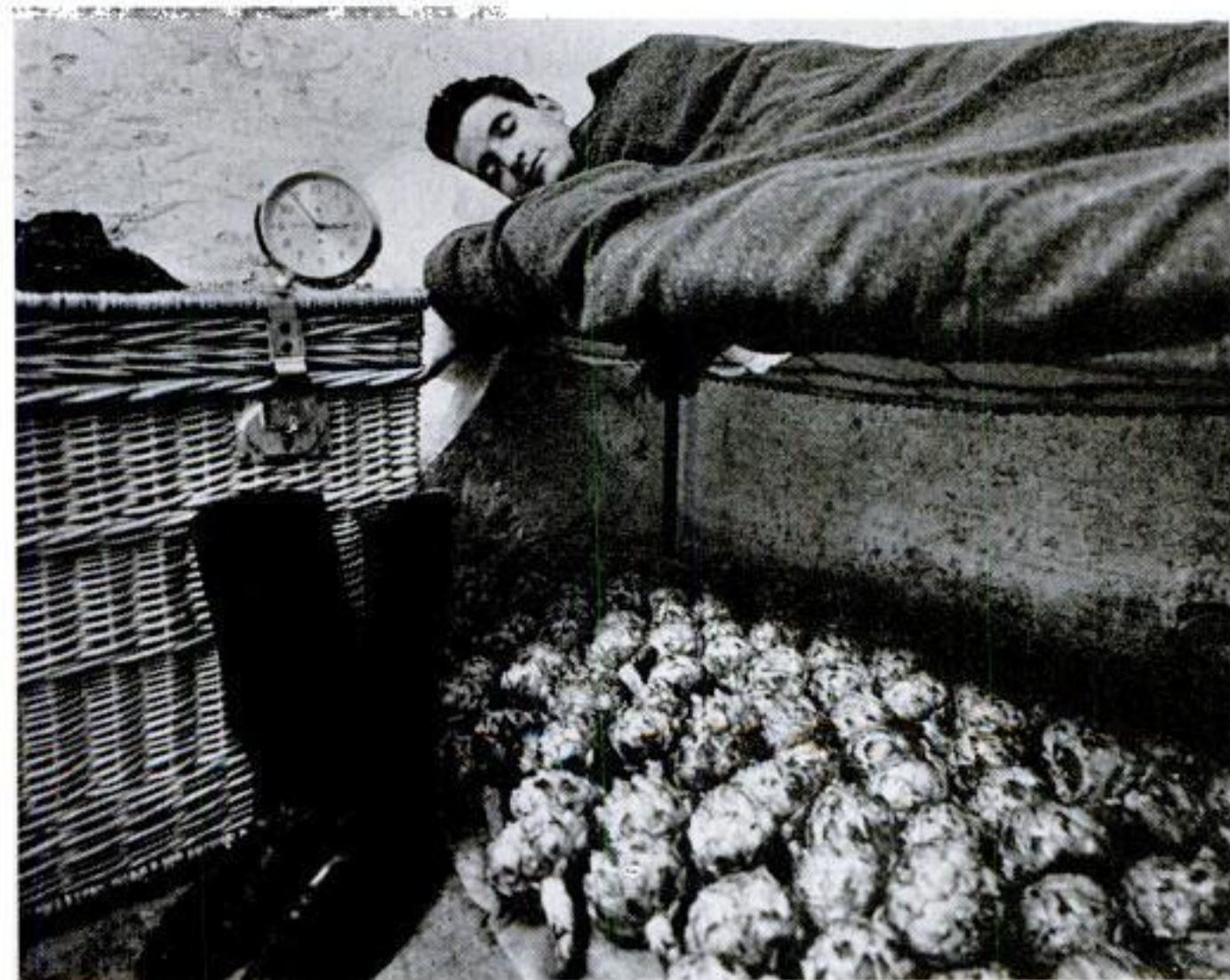
AN ECCENTRIC CHAMP FROM FRANCE

Foreign trotter brings tender ears and strange tastes to a U.S. race

Jamin, a 6-year-old French stallion, has been called the world's greatest trotting horse, although some Americans dispute this. No one, however, disputes the fact that he is the world's most eccentric trotter. He wears red earmuffs when he races and at mealtime eats artichokes. This week Jamin will be the big attraction when seven foreign trotting champions come to the U.S. to take on Trader Horn, the American champ, at Long Island's Roosevelt Raceway in the first International Trot ever held.

Jamin wears earmuffs because the sound of other horses' hoofs outrages his tender ears. He eats artichokes strictly as a matter of taste.

He prefers them to hay. With all his foibles, Jamin has chalked up an overwhelming record. In the last year and a half he has won 21 out of 27 races and the ones he lost were all handicap events in which he had to spot the other horses up to 40 yards. In Europe he has been called "creeping death" because of the methodical way he wears down his opponents. Railbirds in this country are cynical about his reputation and are picking Trader Horn to trot his earmuffs off. This doesn't bother Jamin's handlers. Their only real concern is that few artichokes are available in the U.S. now. But they are planning to fly in 14 bushels from France.



KEEPER OF ARTICHOKEs, Stableboy Jean Claude Vanstenberghe sleeps near Jamin's stall with a supply of the champion's favorite food beneath his bunk.

CHEWING AN ARTICHOKE served up to him by Jean, Jamin enjoys snack. He consumes dozens daily, supplementing them with oats, grass.



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HASH PATTIES WITH STUFFED TOMATOES

VIENNAS SNACK TRAY



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CORNER BEEF-COLE SLAW SANDWICH





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SOUTH SEA ISLAND TREET

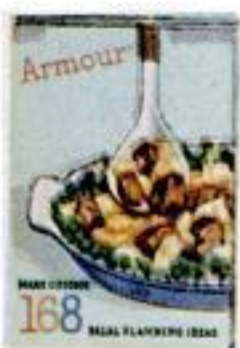


CHILI HOT DOG

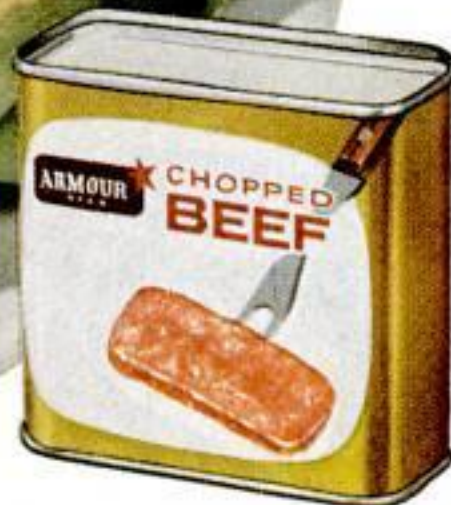


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ANNOUNCING... the big 3 for thirst!



P-I-N—for Pineapple
G—for Grapefruit
A New refreshing
and healthful drink!

NEW!



P—for Pineapple
O-N-G—for Orange
A Brand New
drink blend that
quenches and refreshes.

NEW!



P-I—for Pineapple
L-I—for Lime
Pi-Li (say "pie...lie")
Delicious New drink
for meals or snacks.

NEW!

3 DELICIOUS NEW DRINKS BY STOKELY-VAN CAMP!

GIVE 'EM ALL THEY WANT! Stokely drinks are rich in Vitamin C. They're non-carbonated. Good for meals, good for thirst, good for all the family.

RIDING TO FAIR, 17-year-old Augusta Ambel, a rancher's daughter, wears a traditional Spanish riding costume and a flower behind her ear. Because the *feria* started as a livestock show in 1847, tradition demands that girls from local ranching families ride their best horses in informal daily parade.



A Display of Beauties at Seville

FESTIVAL IS FINE PLACE TO WATCH THE GIRLS GO BY

Even today, in mid-20th Century, the daughters of upper-class families in Spain are kept in restricted social circles and hedged about by chaperones. But every year at the big Spanish festivals called *ferias*, the rules are briefly relaxed and the girls come out in full public view. At the great *feria* in Seville, the girls appear in traditional riding dress, or in

elaborate ruffled skirts, or in their Balenciaga best. They proudly parade through the streets on handsome Andalusian steeds, stroll freely down the streets stopping at sidewalk cafes to sip sherry with friends or, sometimes, to flirt shyly with strangers. And in the week that *feria* lasts, the girls provide a bright and bewitching spectacle of Spanish beauty.

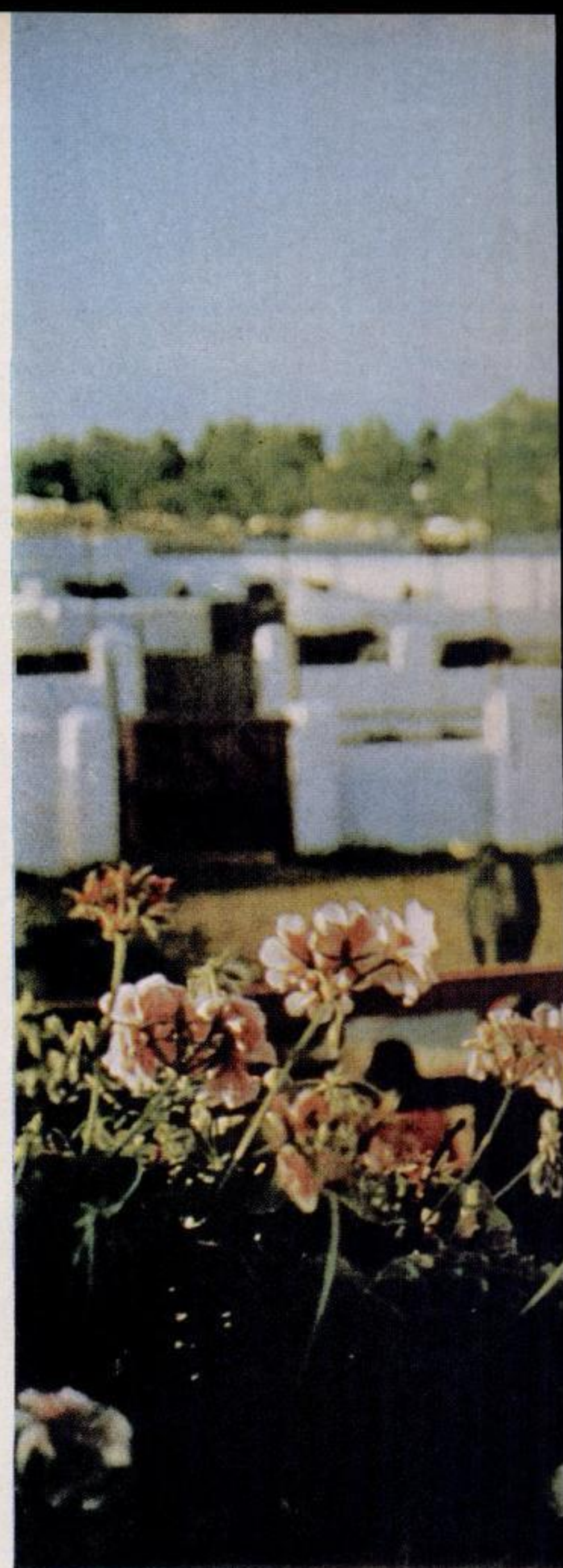
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IN GYPSY DRESS girl rides on the haunch of her escort's horse. Some Spanish towns now elect

"queens" in U.S. fashion, but Seville has none since, Sevillians say, "every woman here is a queen."



CONCHITA PALOP WHO COMES FROM A

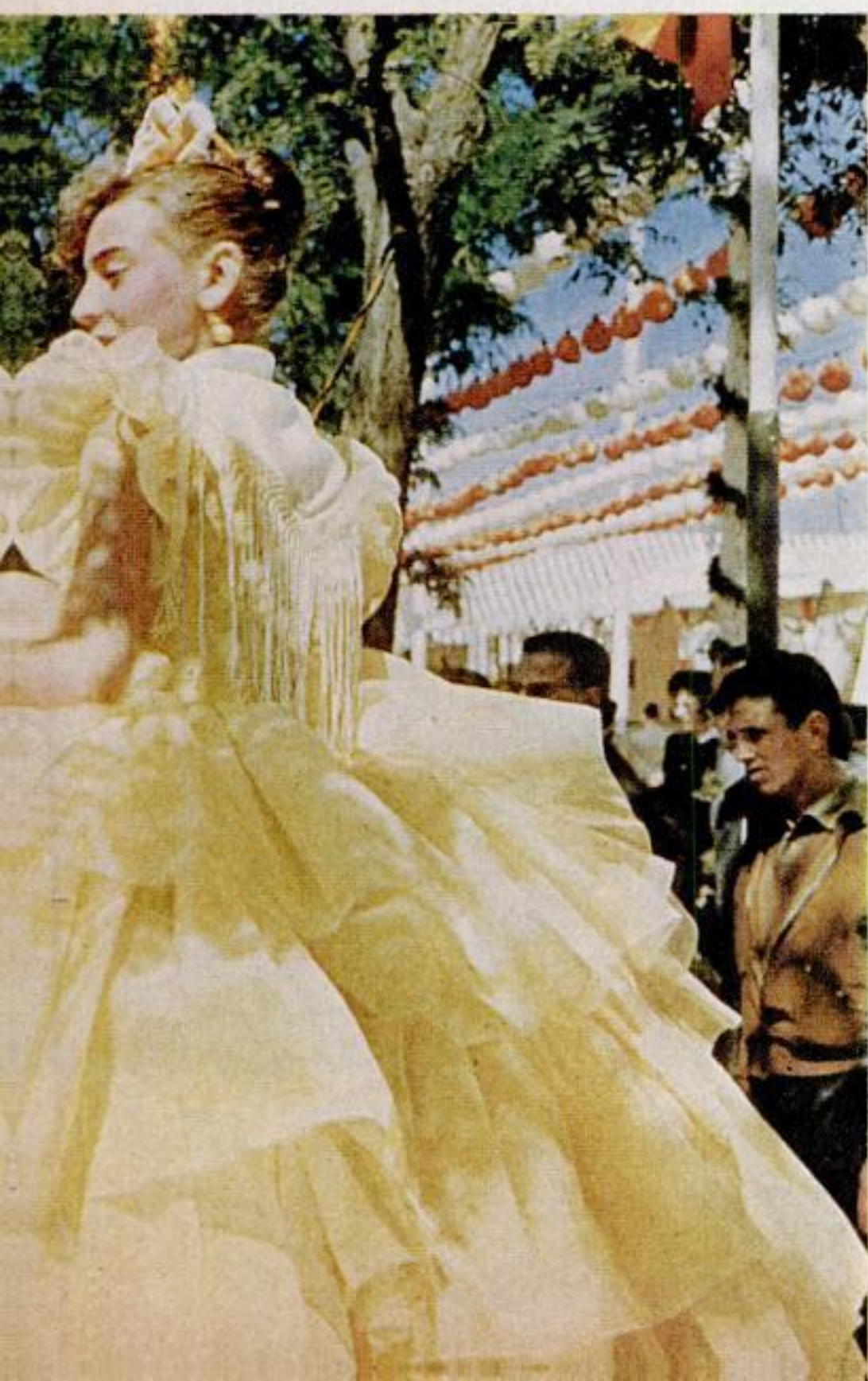


FRANCO'S DAUGHTER, the Marquesa of Villaverde, watches bullfights from her box. She is married to Madrid doctor, came to Seville just for the fair.





RANCHING FAMILY ADJUSTS FLOWER IN HER HAIR AT RESTAURANT OVERLOOKING CORRAL WHERE BULLS TO BE FOUGHT DURING FERIA ARE DISPLAYED



CARTFUL OF FLOUNCES (*left*) almost hides a young driver as he takes two young girls for a ride.



CHARMING AFICIONADO at bullfights sets off her beauty with simple hairdo, simply cut dress.

CONTINUED

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BULL-BREEDER'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER, Blanca Guardiola, 19, in her *barrera* seat at the arena waits for the parade of the *toreros* to begin. Her

father, Salvador Guardiola, is Spain's biggest bull-breeder and Blanca, who grew up on the family ranch, is one of the most skillful horsewomen of Seville.



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ON THE LAST LAP, WAYNE BRAKENSIEK, 5, LEADS KIM DAVIS, 8, AND BUTCH OTTE, 10. KIM CAME ON TO WIN THE RACE

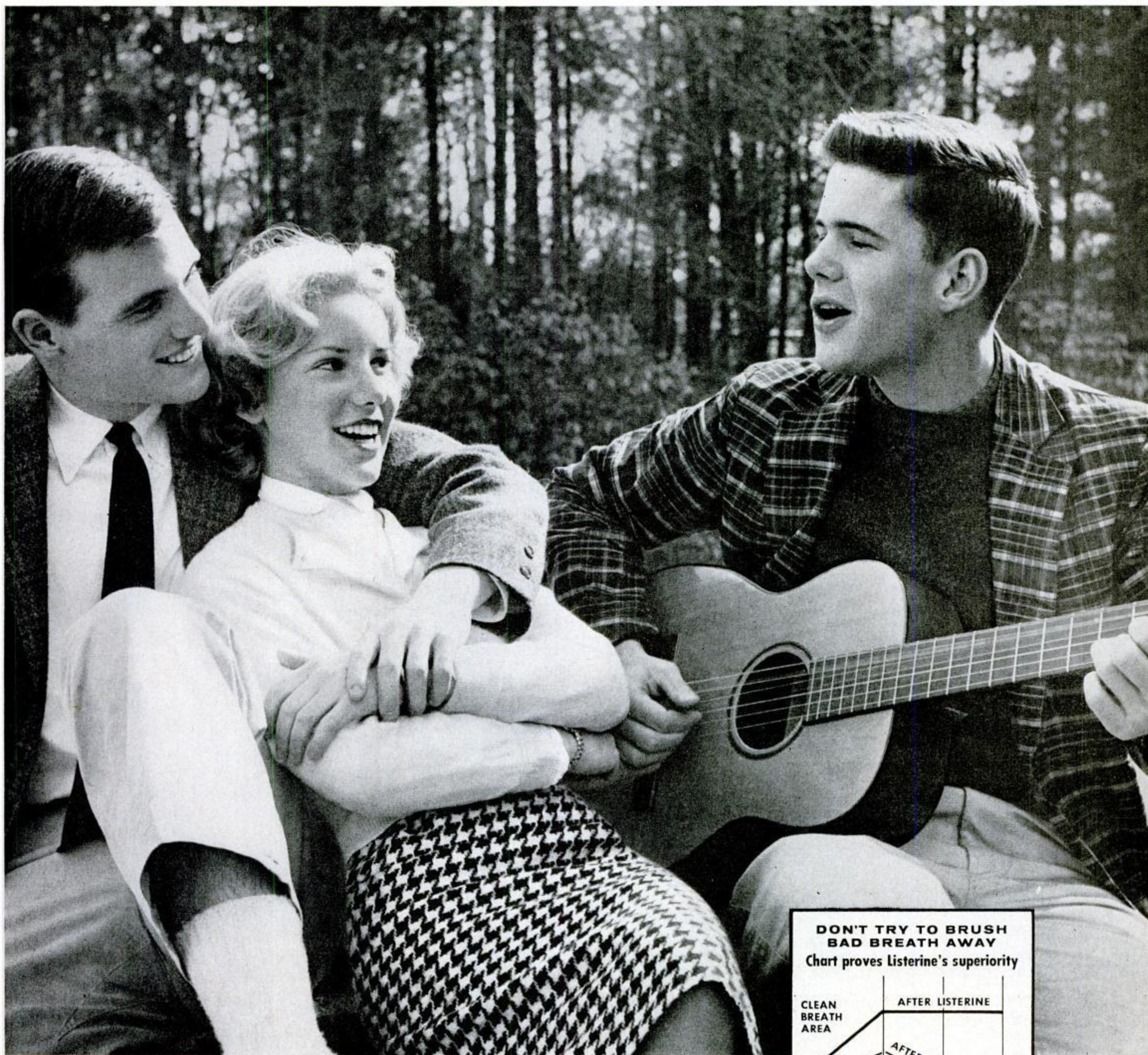
Five Years Old and 25 mph

The helmsman in the leading boat churned through the water at 25 mph—a pretty fast clip for a 5-year-old but routine for the 22 youngsters aged from 5 to 14 who belong to the Midget Power Boat Association in Southern California. Nearly every Sunday their parents take them to Long Beach where, under strict supervision, the kids race over a half-mile course.

All of the boats—some bought, some built at home—are tailored to the same strict specifications. Made of plywood covered with fiber glass, they are 6½ feet long, 3 feet wide and a foot deep, and powered by 5-hp engines. All day Sunday, even when they are ashore, the kids proudly wear their crash helmets and life jackets as badges of skill and seamanship.

Don't try to brush bad breath away—*reach for Listerine!*

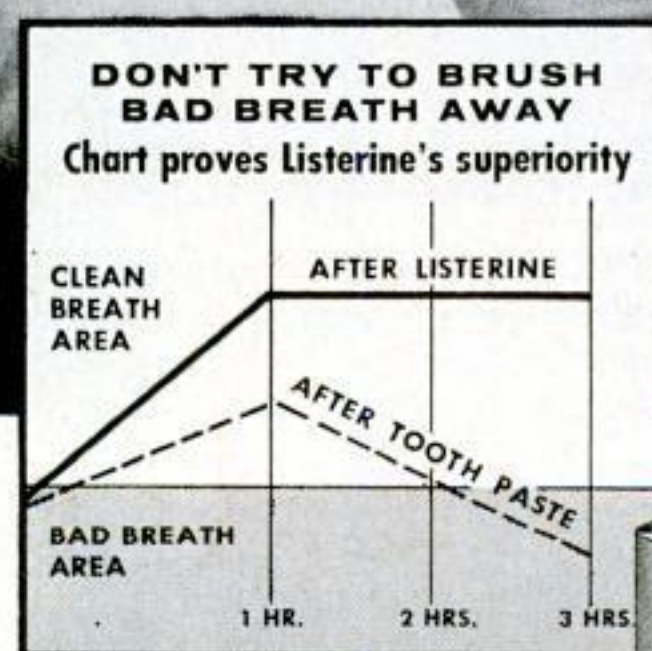
Listerine Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better than Tooth Paste!



Tooth paste is for your teeth—Listerine is for your breath. Germs in the mouth cause most bad breath, and you need an antiseptic to kill germs.

Always reach for Listerine after you brush your teeth. No tooth paste is antiseptic, so no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does . . . on contact, by millions.

Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste—nothing stops bad breath as effectively as the Listerine Way.



Reach for Listerine



....Your No. 1 protection against bad breath

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This year, the average motorist will do more than half his driving on modern
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you need Turnpike-Proved Tires by Goodyear. (Photo is of the H
Los Angeles, looking toward Pasadena and the San Gabriel Moun

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Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values . . . better tire care . . . convenient credit terms.

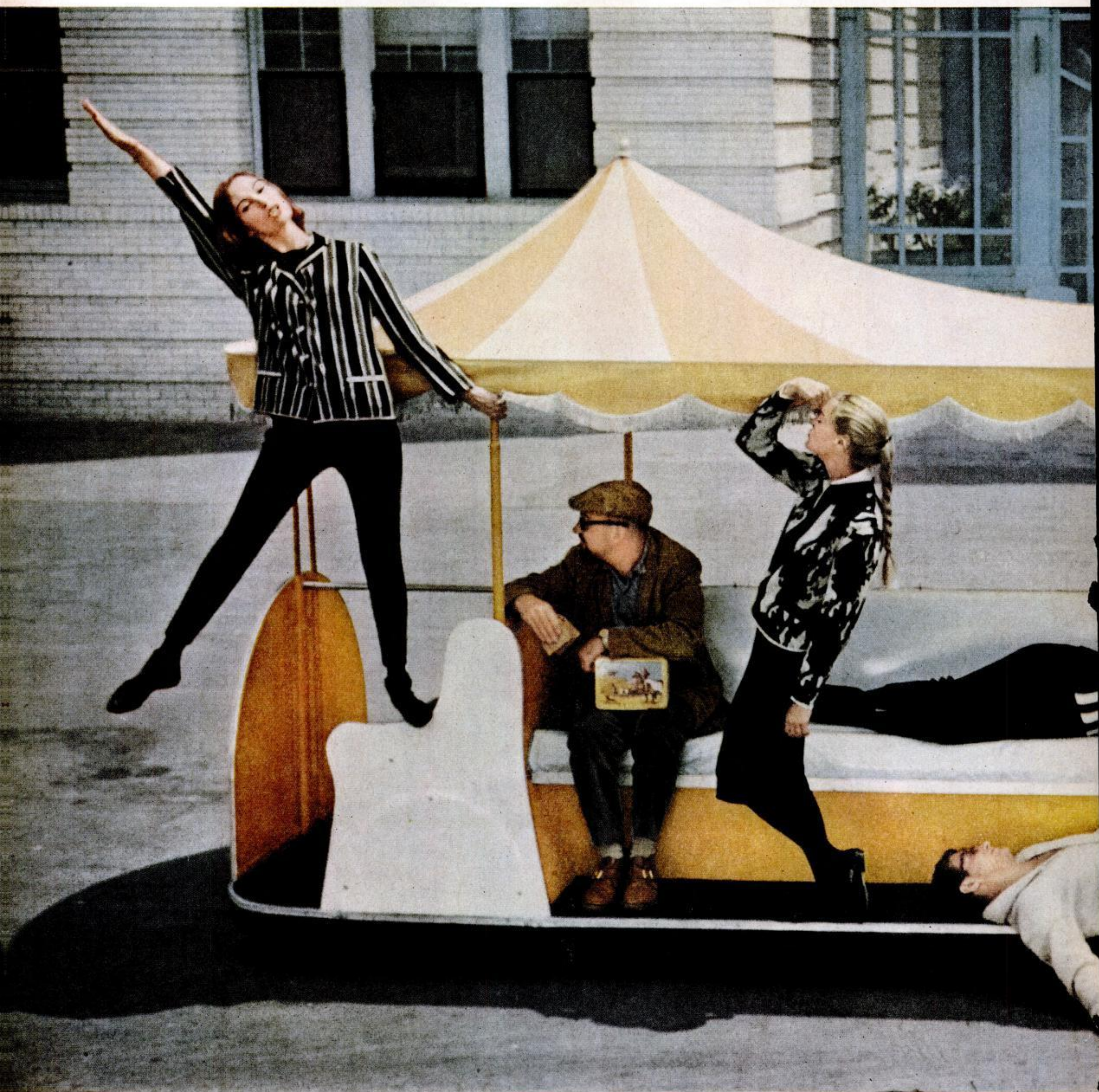
Harbor Freeway in
tains.)



KIND!

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REAL GONE GARB FOR



TO the rest of the world Beatniks may seem to be off their trolley but those above are clearly on one. This beach trolley runs through the town of Venice, Calif., a capital for Beats on the West Coast and the chicks standing on it are showing how unbeat beat clothing is becoming.

For fall, U.S. designers have come up with what the fashion

world calls beat-knits, loose sweaters that are respectable versions of those Beats live in. These sweaters are now selling in college shops throughout the country. Worn with the tight black trousers, skirts and leotards that Beats consider the end, they will give a gone look to campus wear this fall.

The beat-knits come in muted colors—black, khaki, gray and

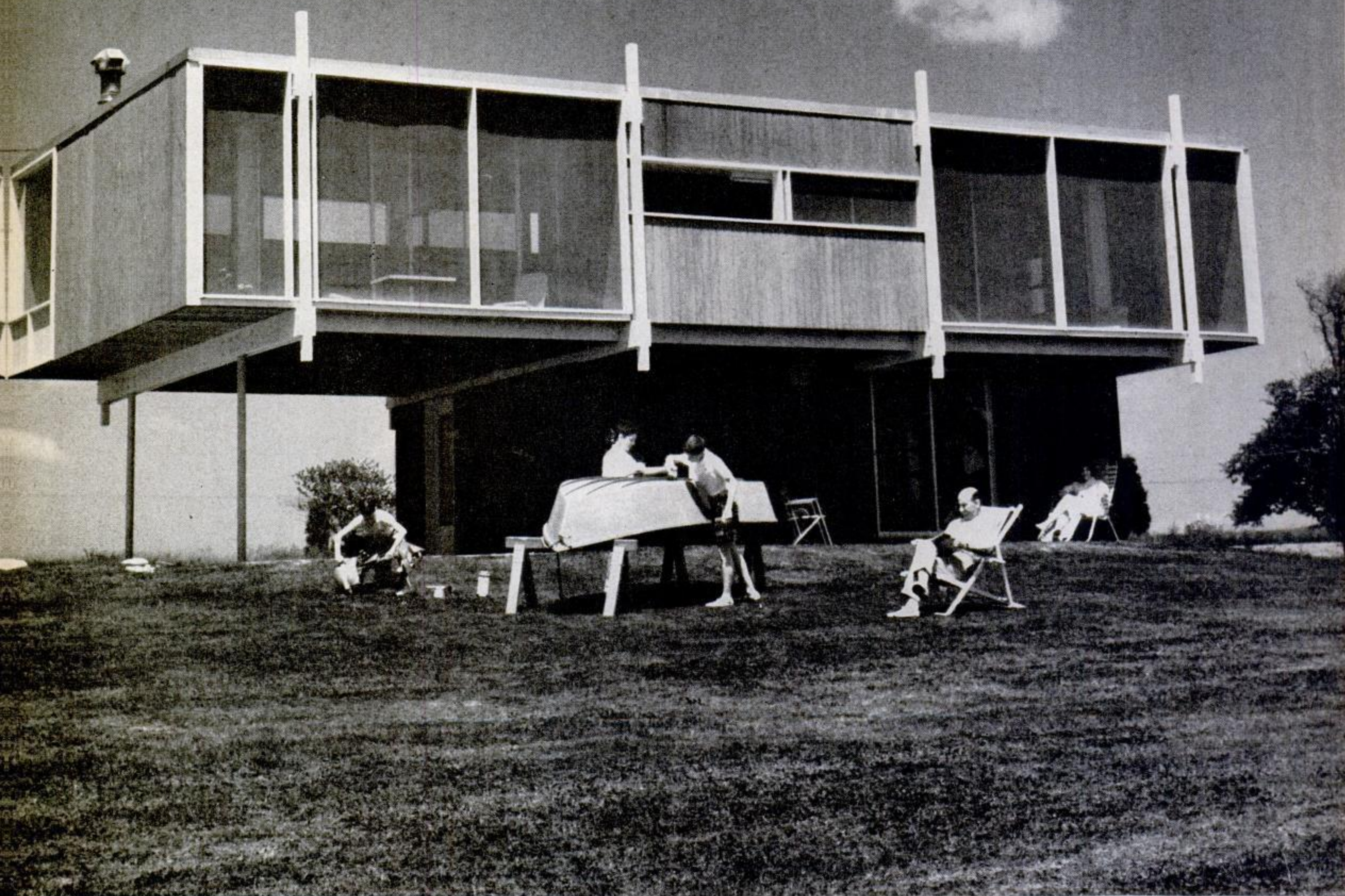
FALL, BEAT BUT NEAT



occasionally a gloomy maroon—but make up for this restraint with strong stripes and exaggerated patterns that are way out. The girl at the left wears a broad-striped blazer (Cortina, \$35). Next right is a cardigan patterned like a piebald pony skin (Catalina \$17). The girl lying on the couch has on an oversized Orlon turtleneck sweater (Banff \$13) while the one leaning over the

back wears a shaggy wool pullover with large stars (Catalina \$17). Perched directly above her is a sweater in an enlarged herringbone pattern (Catalina \$13). The girl with the bongo drums wears a jersey that hangs like a sweat shirt (Margaret Pennington \$25). The male Beats in this picture, who wear standard garb that Beats consider to be in, look all flaked out.

SECOND HOMES FOR FAMILY VACATIONS



CIGAR BOX SHAPED HOLIDAY HOUSE OF THE RUSSELL FAMILY IS SUSPENDED IN AIR TO PRODUCE LOVELY VIEWS FOR THE LIVING AREA ON UPPER FLOOR

AS THEIR NUMBERS INCREASE, THEY TAKE ODD, PLAYFUL SHAPES

In the expanding U.S. economy owning a second home may become almost as common as the second car. With longer vacations and weekends, bigger incomes, improved highways, an increasing number of families every year are building holiday homes in the country or at the beach. Two million Americans already own them and some 75,000 more will be built this year. For the most part, these second houses are going up not in distant resort areas, where they can be used only on long vacations, but near home base, where they can be reached over fast highways for weekends. They are easy to care for and inexpensive so that it costs no more to own one and keep it up than to have a family vacation at a resort.

One distinguishing feature of these houses is their uninhibited design.

When it is a holiday house, even conservative families accept unusual forms—and they are pleased if their house has a playful air like the two-story cigar box house above or the hexagonal mountain house on the opposite page or the odd looking milk carton house on the page following. The cantilevered weekend house here in Water Mill, Long Island was designed by Peter Blake and Julian Neski for the Jack Russell family. It cost \$13,750, high for a vacation house because it is heavily insulated and equipped for year-around use. Designed to meet three requirements of the Russells who wanted a view and a lot of room at low cost and remote quarters for their boys, the attractive boxlike house has a room for the boys below, wide windows and porches on the long upper floor.



HEXAGONAL HOUSE, built in the Catskill Mountains for dairy farm owner Ted Dubin, was designed by William Breger, cost \$13,000. It is used for weekends

all year. Bedroom wing is left of hexagon (*above*). Living area (*below*) has windows on five sides, giving guests a wide view out, cows a close view in.



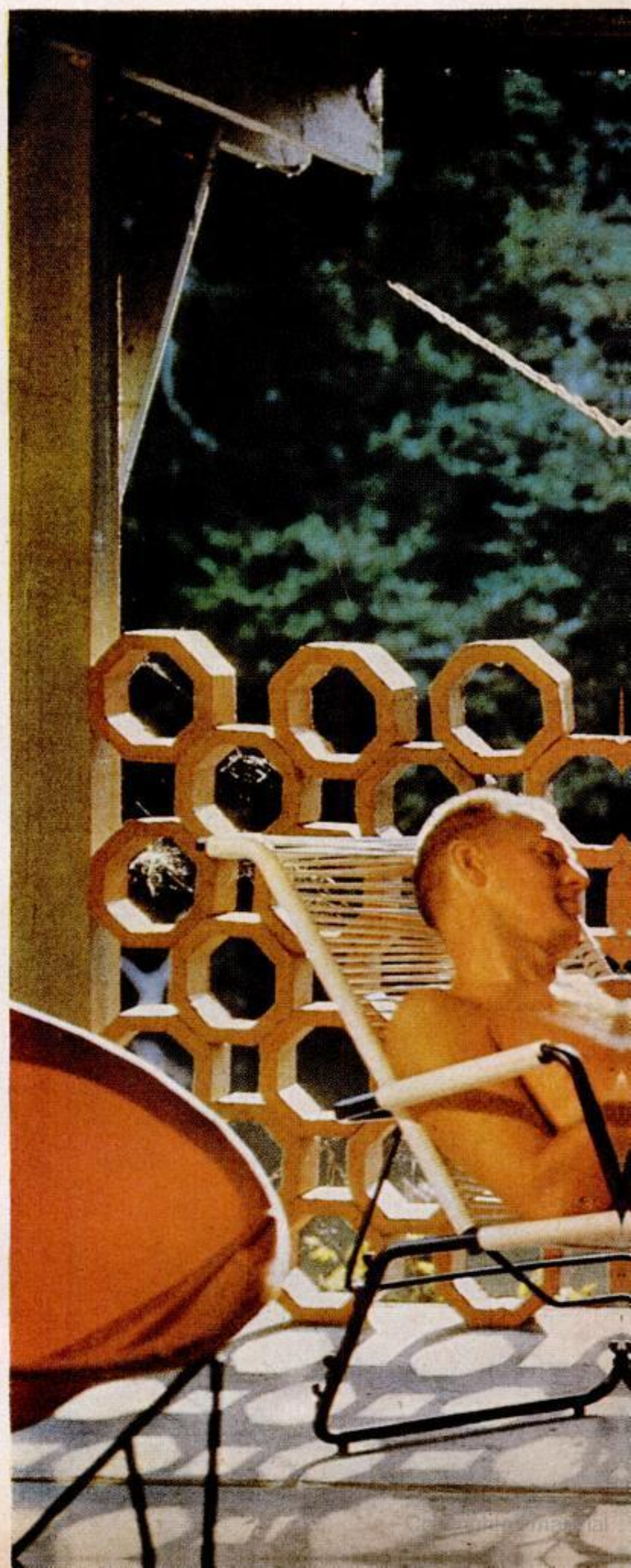
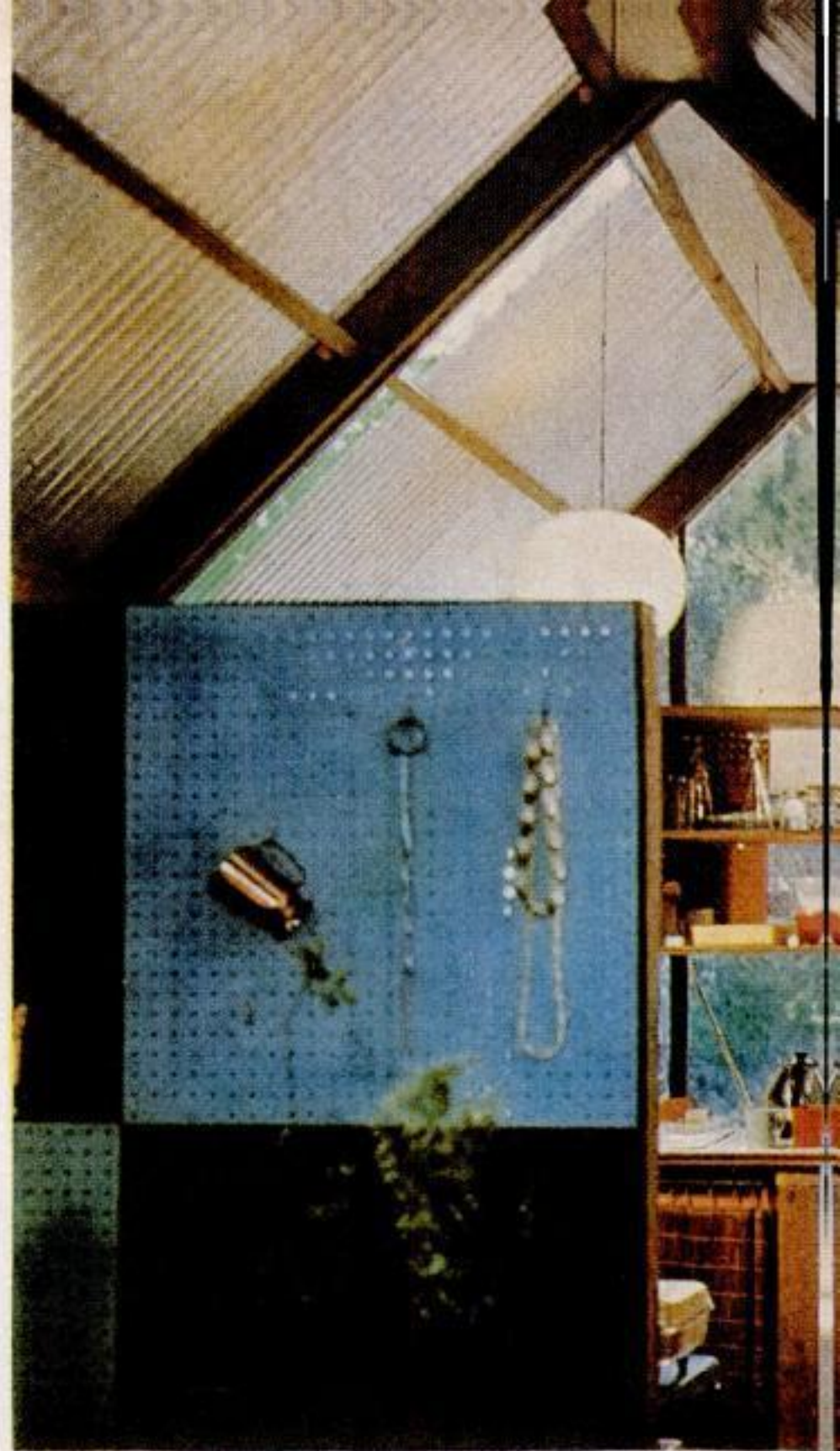
SECOND HOMES CONTINUED

RIVERSIDE HOUSE IN THE TREES



PERCHED ABOVE RIVER, house of young architects John and Mary Mykolyk sits on high platform among Louisiana shade trees. Fishing in Tangipahoa from deck (*above*) are Mary Mykolyk and daughters.

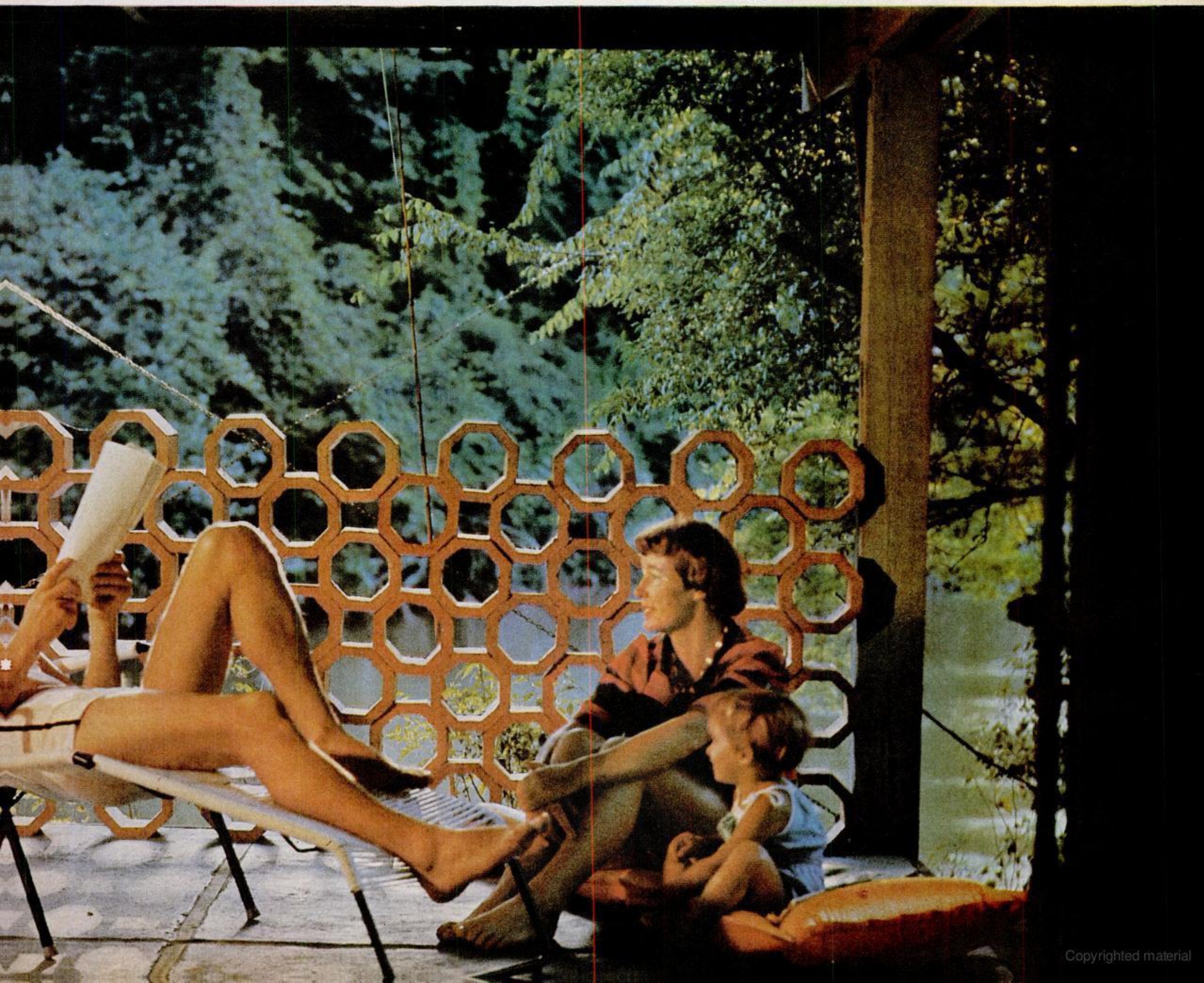
SHADY TERRACE under house makes a second living room. Daughter Carol sits by mother. Doing most of the work, Mykolyks built house for \$1,500. Wires are for protection from flood-time driftwood. →





← **LIVING AREA** gets extra light through long panels of plastic in roof (*left*). View is through kitchen dining area toward living room. Mary Mykolyk and Louise are in foreground, John on deck over river.

CLEARED GARDEN provides sunny space at one side of the house (*above*). Broad roof shades house, keeping heavy rains away from the walls. Deck at the upper right is outside of the children's room.





NORWEGIAN HOUSE (*above*), imported by Jacksons of Oakland, Calif., is patterned after sod-roofed Norwegian houses. House, put together without nails, comes with doors and windows for \$2,195. Erecting it with concrete foundation, heating, plumbing costs \$1,200. A thick layer of sod must be found for roof.

MILK CARTON BEACH HOUSE (*below*), designed by Andrew Geller for Irwin and Joyce Hunt, faces the ocean on Fire Island, N.Y., cost \$7,000. Living area is in the center downstairs. Master bedroom is above. Roof panels open up to give ocean view, can be closed in bad weather. Plan is on a following page.



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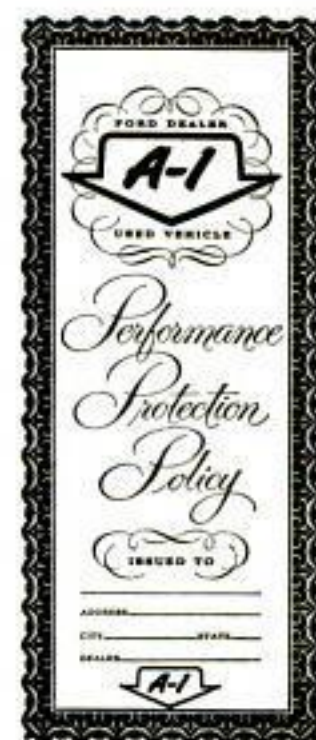
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ETRUSCAN CUFFS...

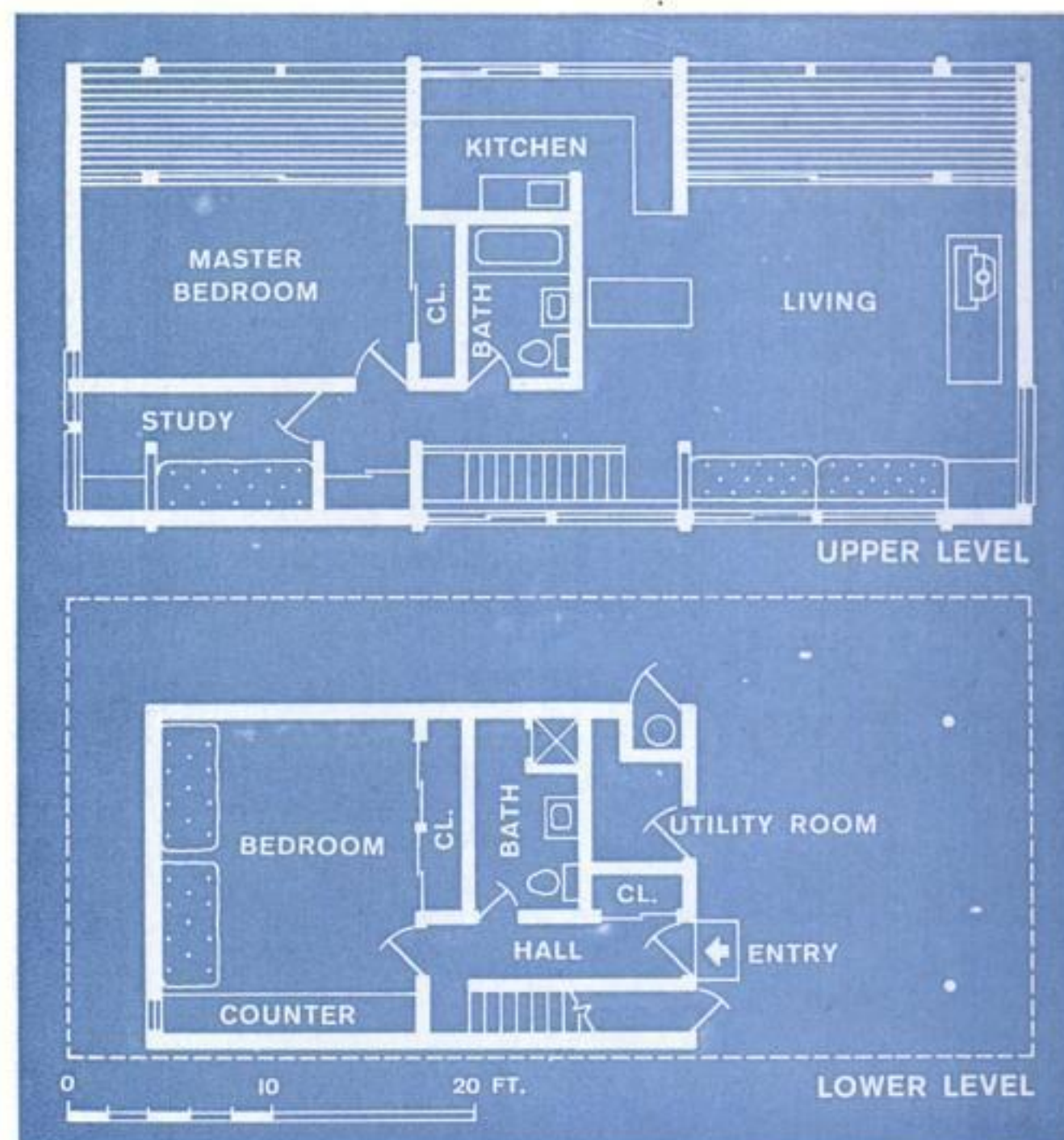
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SECOND HOMES CONTINUED

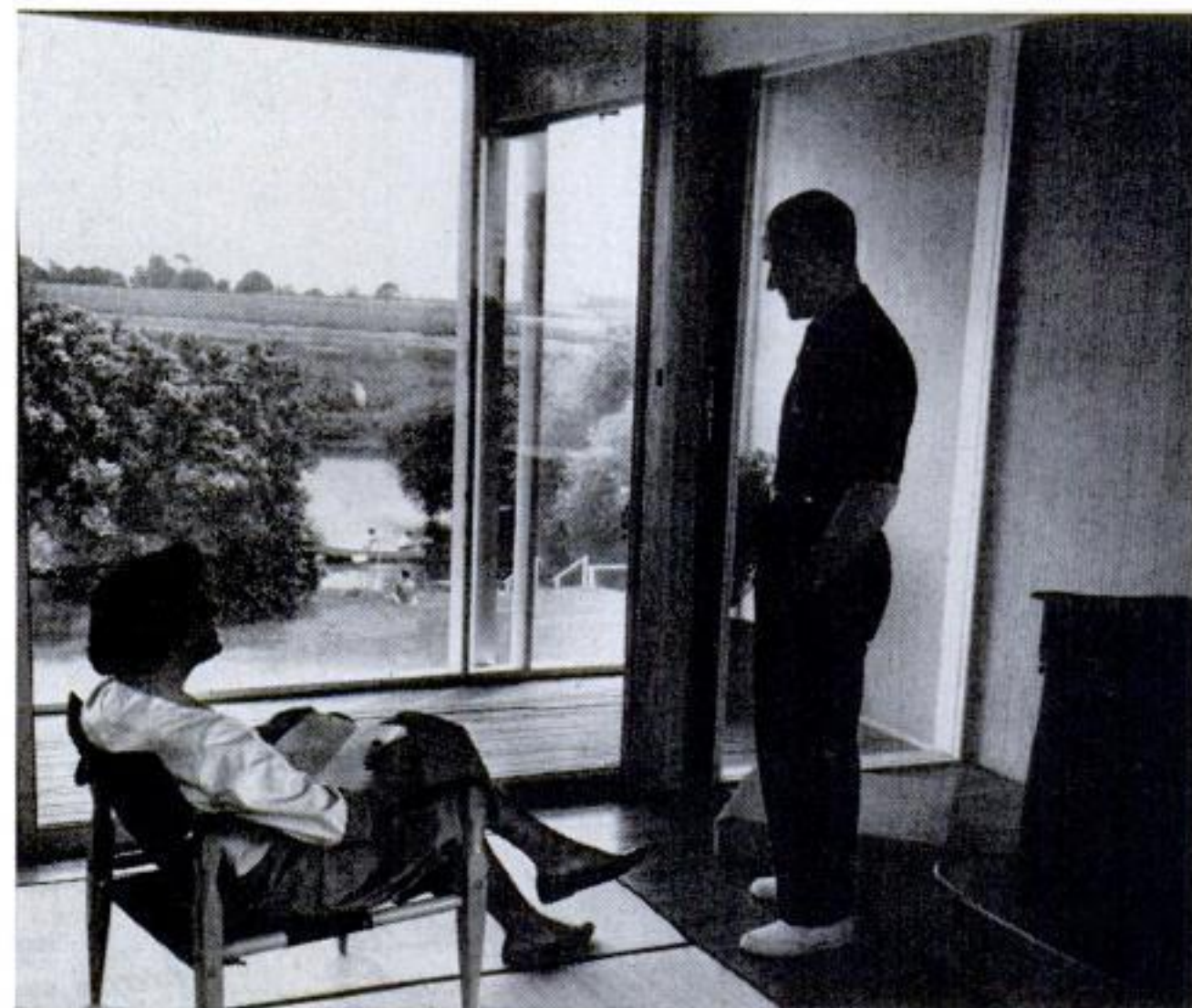
CIGAR BOX HOUSE



EASY CLEANING in the Russells' cigar box home, shown on opening page of this story, is made possible by trap door in living room floor through which dirt is swept to outside or mops shaken clean. Since Mrs. Russell wants a minimum of household chores, floors are waxed and need only a quick sweep.



TWO-STORY PLAN puts Russell boys in downstairs bedroom. Upstairs are living areas, bedroom, porches. The living room and study have sofa beds.



THE PLEASANT VIEW of stream and countryside is seen through the large sliding glass windows of living area. "It's very serene," says Mrs. Russell.

CONTINUED

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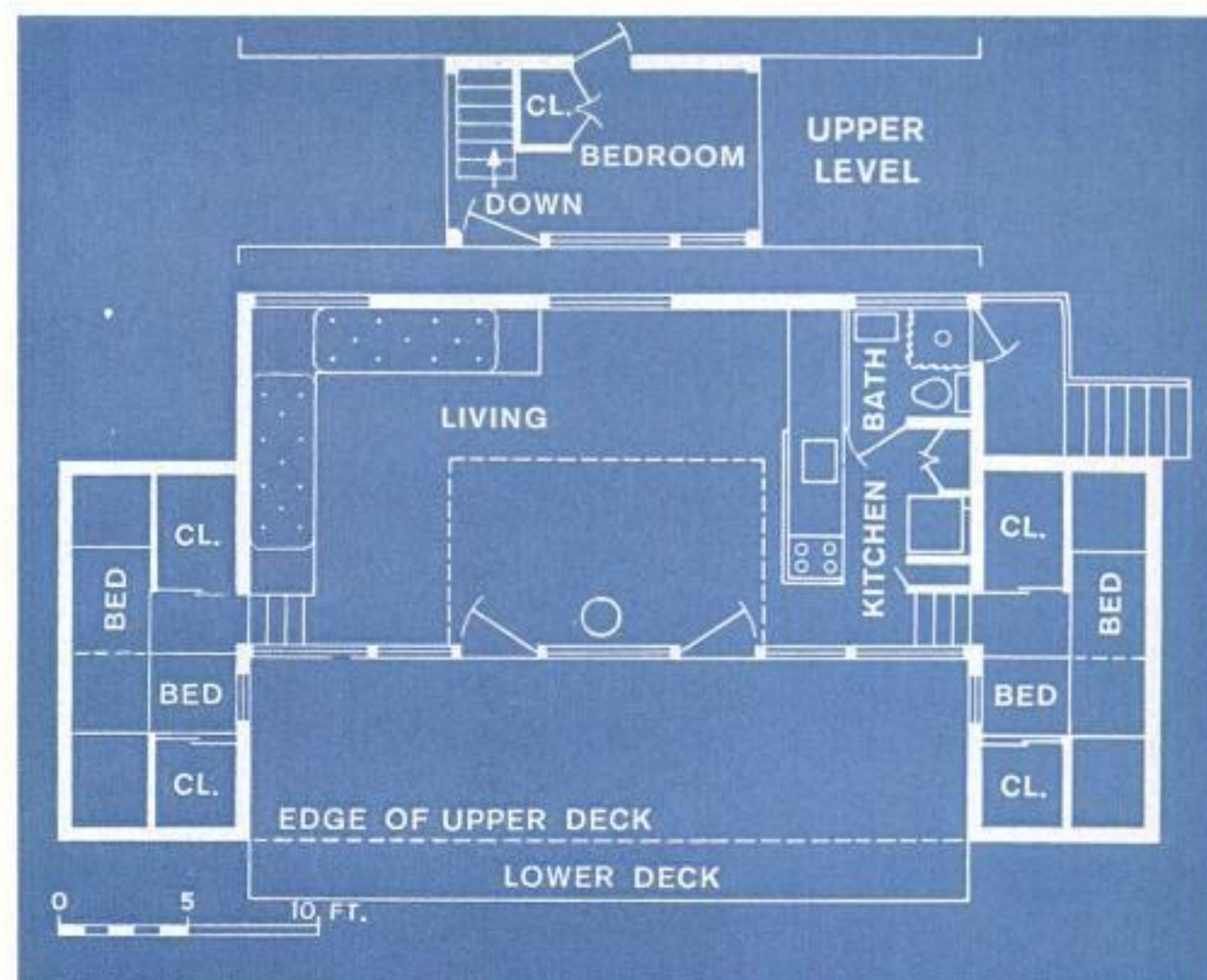
Weldwood Presto-Set Glue dries fast, holds firmly, and won't stain. And you know it's good because it bears the Weldwood name. Get a bottle today.

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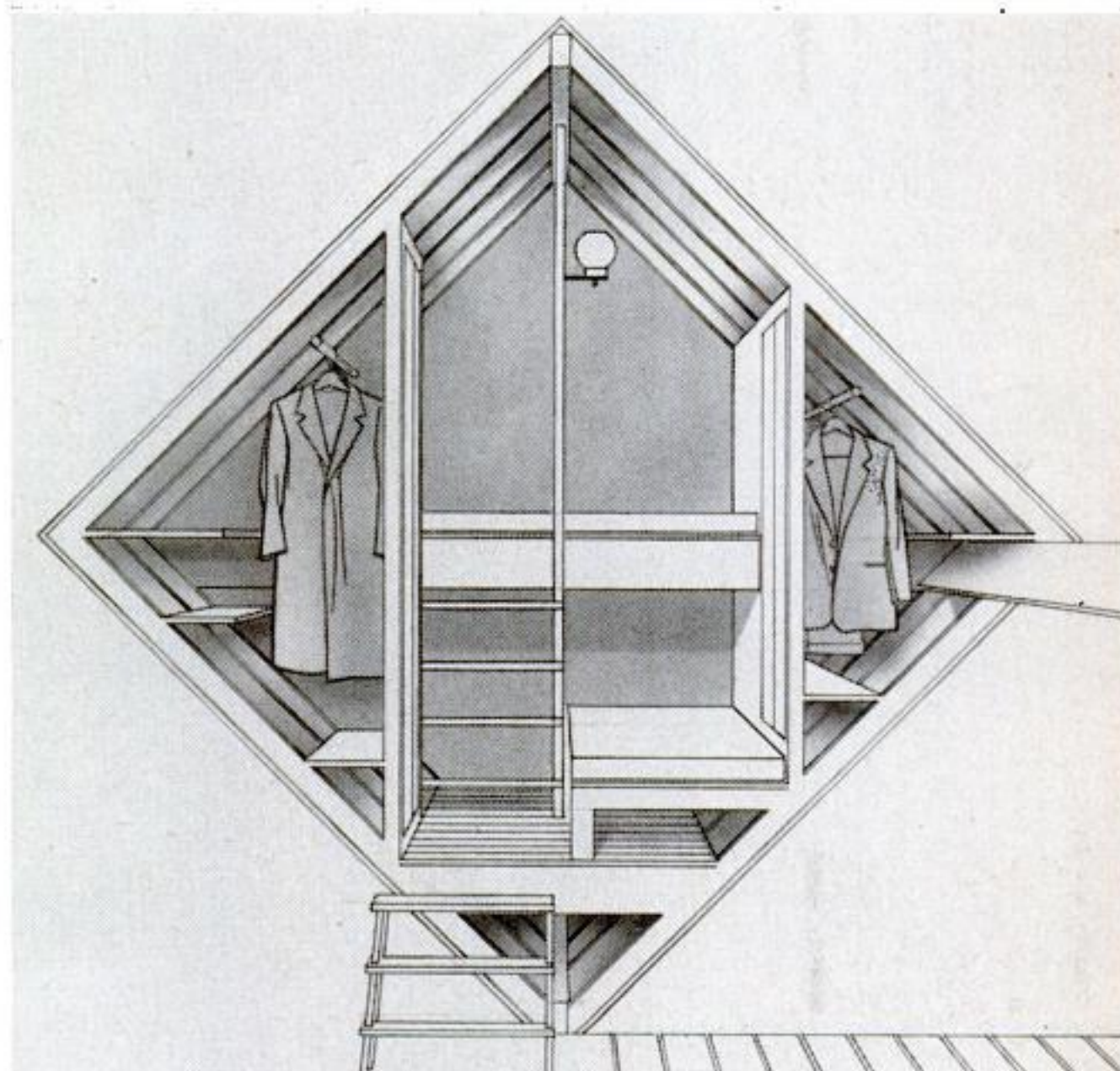


SECOND HOMES CONTINUED

MILK CARTON HOUSE



SPACE SAVING PLAN of milk carton house shows sleeping room for eight people, including two sofa beds in living room. Dotted lines show location of master bedroom (detail at top). Bedroom stairs swing down through opening in ceiling. Shower, upper right, may be reached by bathers from outside.



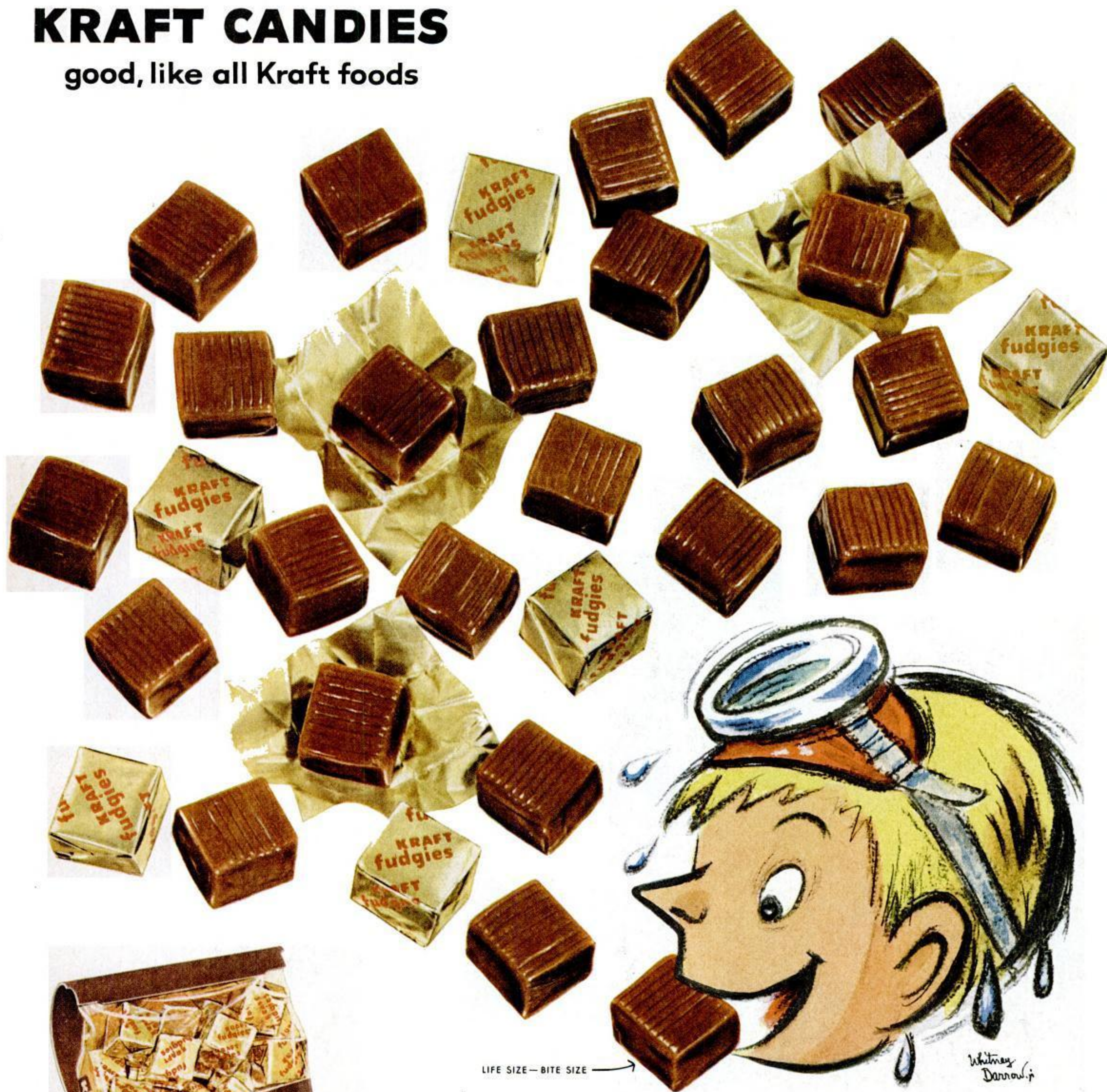
CUBE BEDROOM is shown in cutaway drawing. Purpose of tilting the bedrooms is to gain more head room in middle of room and provide extra space for closets at sides. Doors open into closets. Three steps shown lead down to living room. Right side of room has two triangular windows facing front decks.



EXPOSED FRAMING is economical, makes good niches for knickknacks. Sofa beds for guests are built in. One of cube rooms can be seen up steps (left).

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KRAFT FUDGIES are the candy everyone dives for. Creamy good, wonderful tasting. Pick Chocolate in gold foil, Vanilla in silver. 42 in every bag. You'll love 'em !

Kraft makes wonderful Caramels and Marshmallows, too!

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They enjoy being with others and they serve today's Pepsi-Cola. It refreshes without filling—suits modern tastes so pleasantly on any occasion. Wouldn't you like to join The Sociables and enjoy Pepsi-Cola now?



**Be Sociable,
Have a Pepsi**

Refresh without filling



TRIO'S WIVES—JOAN REYNOLDS, LOUISE SHANE AND GRETCHEN GUARD—SIT IN THE RAIN TO HEAR THEIR HUSBANDS SING

A Trio in Tune Makes the Top

The brightest new sounds heard through all the racket of rock 'n' roll come from the voices and the instruments of three college grad cutups, Dave Guard, Bob Shane and Nick Reynolds, who call themselves the Kingston Trio (*see cover*). Despite the surprising facts that every chord is in tune and every lyric in good taste, *The Kingston Trio at Large* is now the best selling LP in the country. One of the songs in it, *M.T.A.* (*LIFE*, June 29), still ranks high among the single record hits.

Last month the touring trio expanded into a mixed sextet on a

lark. Traveling with the singers on a swing through New England were their three bright and pretty wives. Afternoons on the beaches the girls joined in the fraternity house chorales the boys learned when they were carefree California undergrads at Stanford and nearby Menlo Business College. "The stuff we sang gassed us then," one of them said, "even though the harmonies were strictly Whiffenpoof." Soon the three couples will head out on vacations separately—a rarity in their happy design for group living. "This trio," as one of them said, "has got to quit acting like Siamese twins."

SINGERS REYNOLDS, SHANE AND GUARD PERFORM AT NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL WHERE THEIR FOLK SINGING DREW MORE APPLAUSE THAN JAZZ SOLOISTS



KINGSTON TRIO CONTINUED

Turning on the charm for a shy young fan

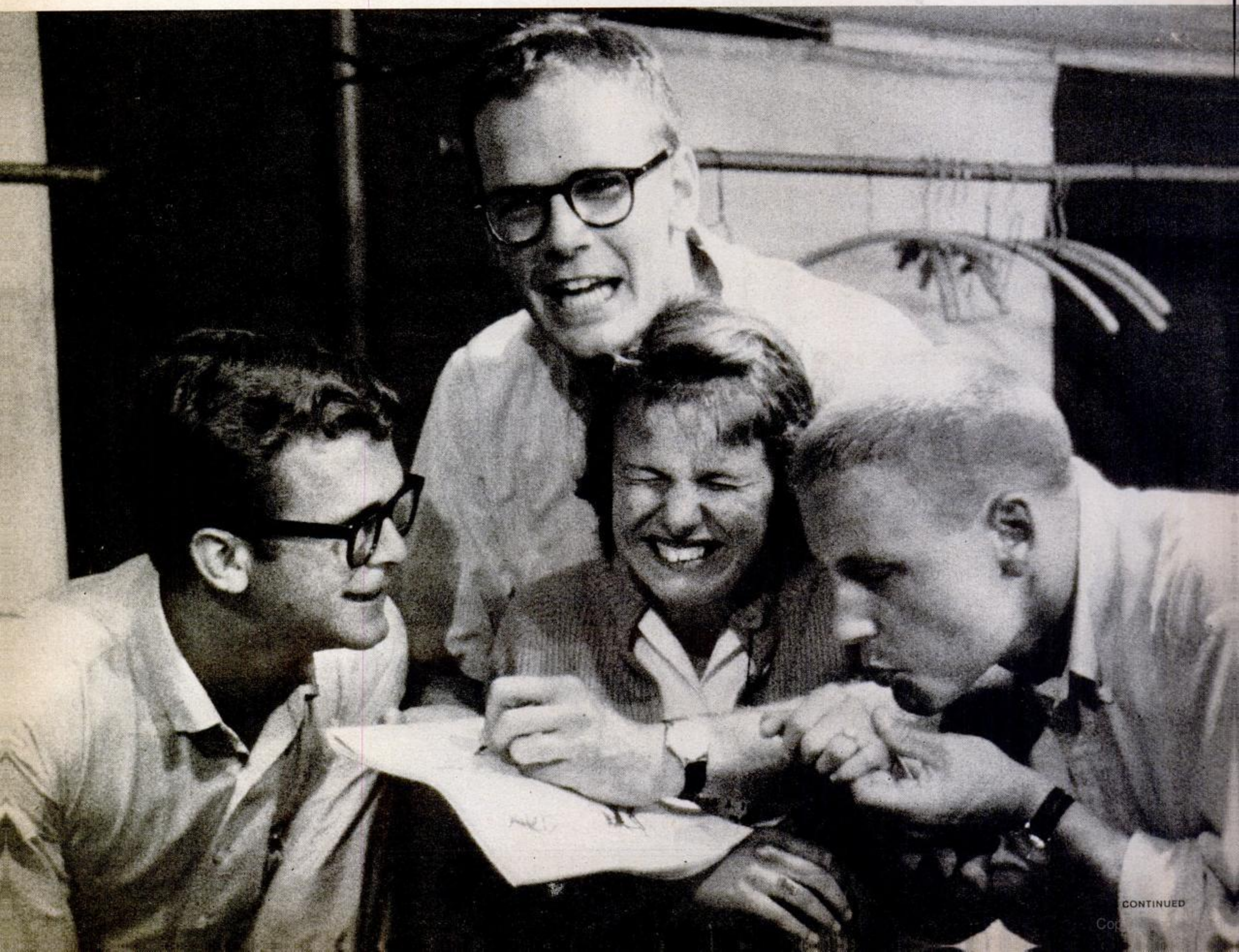


EMBARRASSED ADMIRER, Barbara Banks, 13, is surrounded by the singers whose autographs she asked for at the Newport Jazz Festival. First

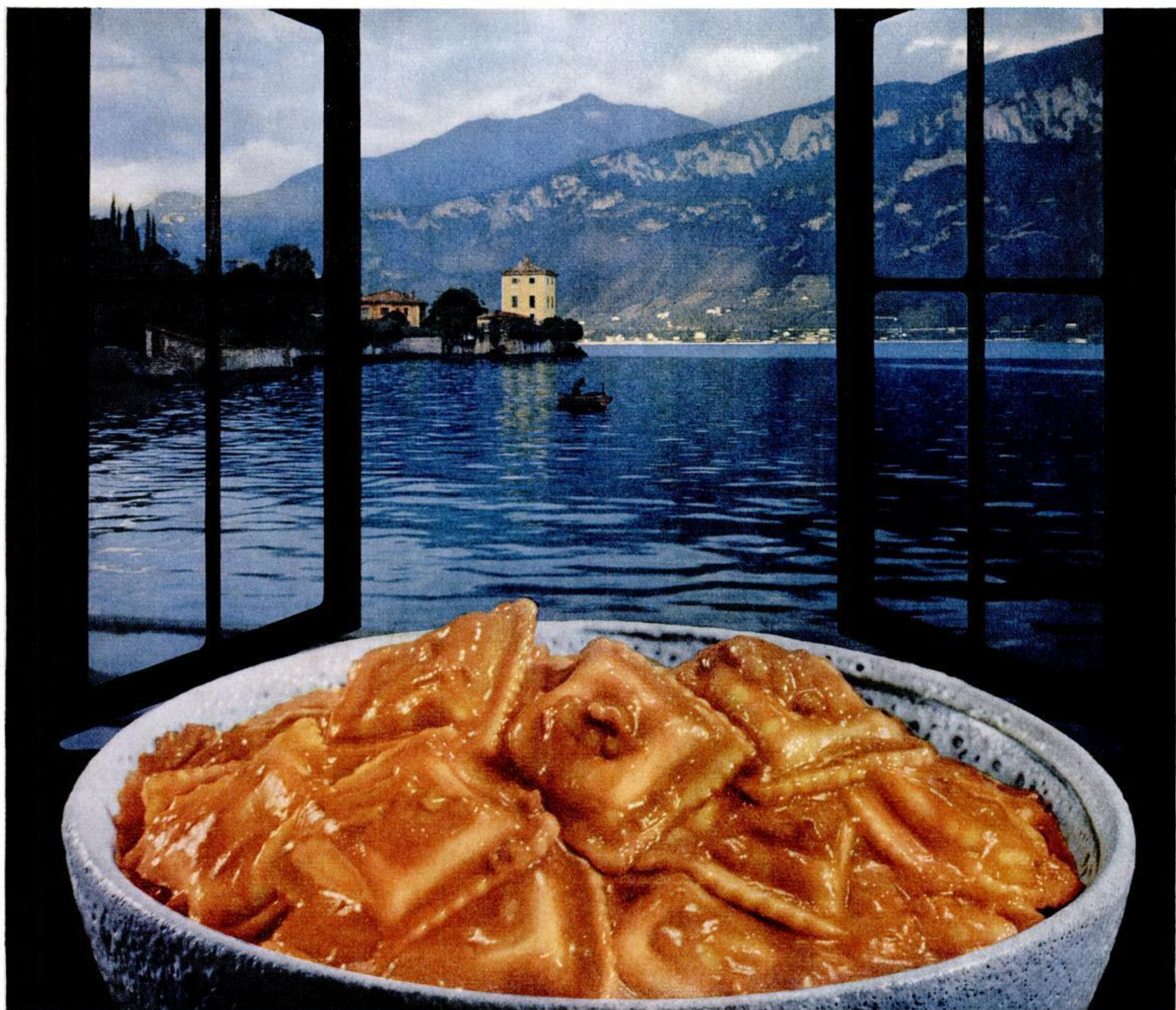


Bob Shane signed (*left*) and Barbara suppressed a nervous giggle as Guard and Reynolds discussed kissing her. When Guard signed (*right*) that crisis

seemed passed. But when he flung his arms around her, Reynolds took her hand (*below*) and kissed it ceremoniously as Barbara veritably went to pieces.



CONTINUED



Famous Lake Como with the Alps in the distance.

Italy is minutes away with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee on your shelf. A few pennies—a few minutes—and Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Ravioli is ready for anything from kids' lunch to quick supper. Tender macaroni pies, plump with tasty beef, in a rich meat-tomato sauce make meal-planning easy—fun, too. (Try Cheese Ravioli, too.) Each only about 15¢ a serving.



Dish with a delightful Italian accent. In a casserole, alternate layers of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Beef Ravioli and ricotta or cottage cheese. Bake until piping-hot. Serve with a proud flourish!



Party feast. Season thin veal cutlets to suit; fold 3 Cheese Ravioli into each. Fasten with toothpicks. Bake in casserole with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce about 1 hour at 350°.



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WAIT . . . don't forget to save a tall one for yourself!

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Don't let this week go by without **JELL-O**

KINGSTON TRIO CONTINUED

The soft sell and stability

The trio got started five years ago singing on campus for free beer. After graduation they opened at a San Francisco club for \$60 a week each, a wage they once improved modeling bathing suits. "At the time we were looking for a name for the group that would be Ivy League and a little Calypso," Dave Guard explains. "We decided on Kingston."

With success, domesticity came to the soft-sell folk singers. Shane ("our Sex Symbol") married an heiress from Atlanta; Guard ("our Acknowledged Leader") married the daughter of the treasurer of a chain of department stores; and Reynolds ("the Runt of the Litter"), who will inherit a sizable fortune from his great-uncle, married a West Coast comedienne.

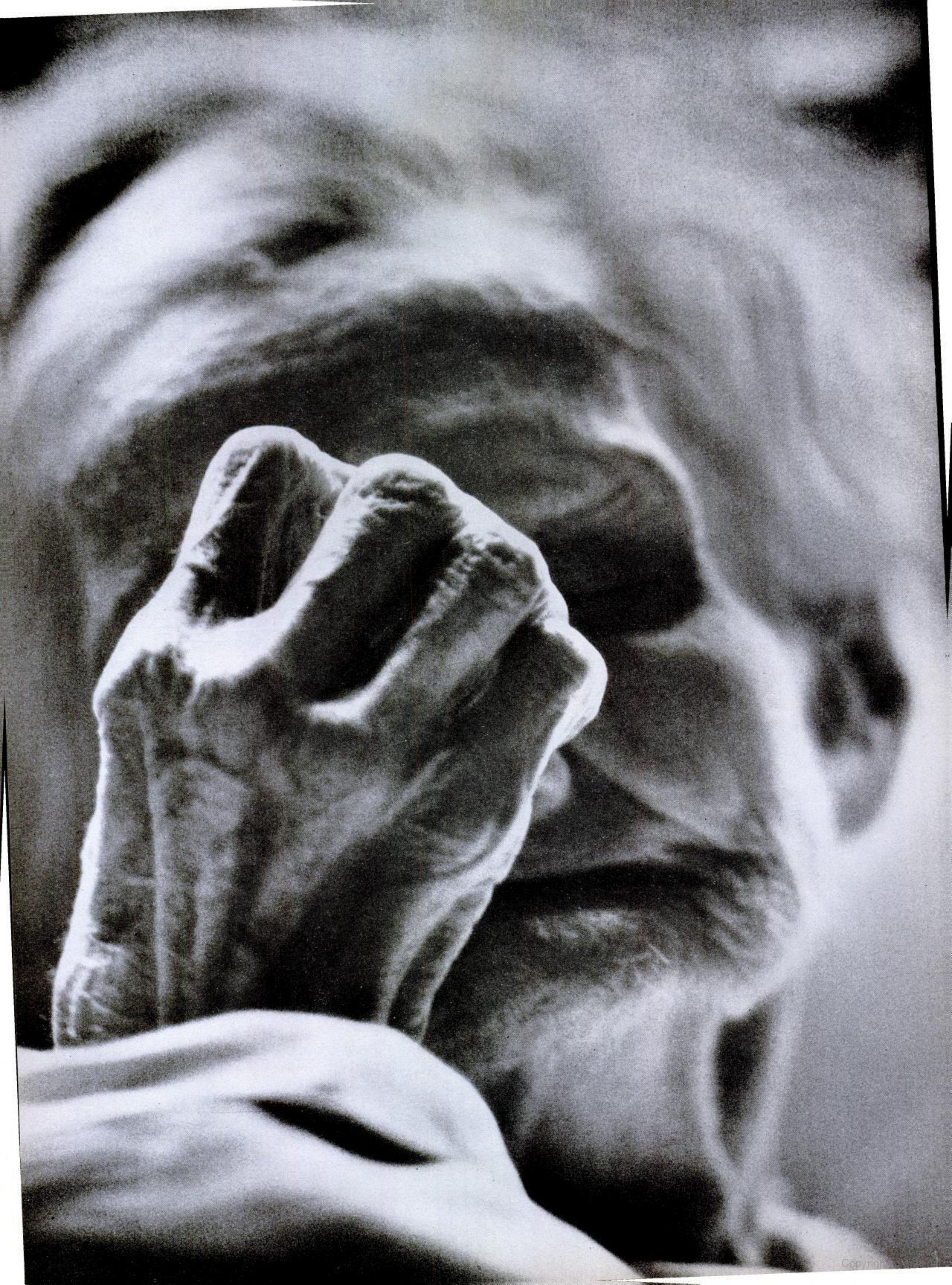
Thus their busy round of singing dates makes some family travel a necessity. Explains Reynolds, "We may look like tennis bums; but man, underneath we've got stability."

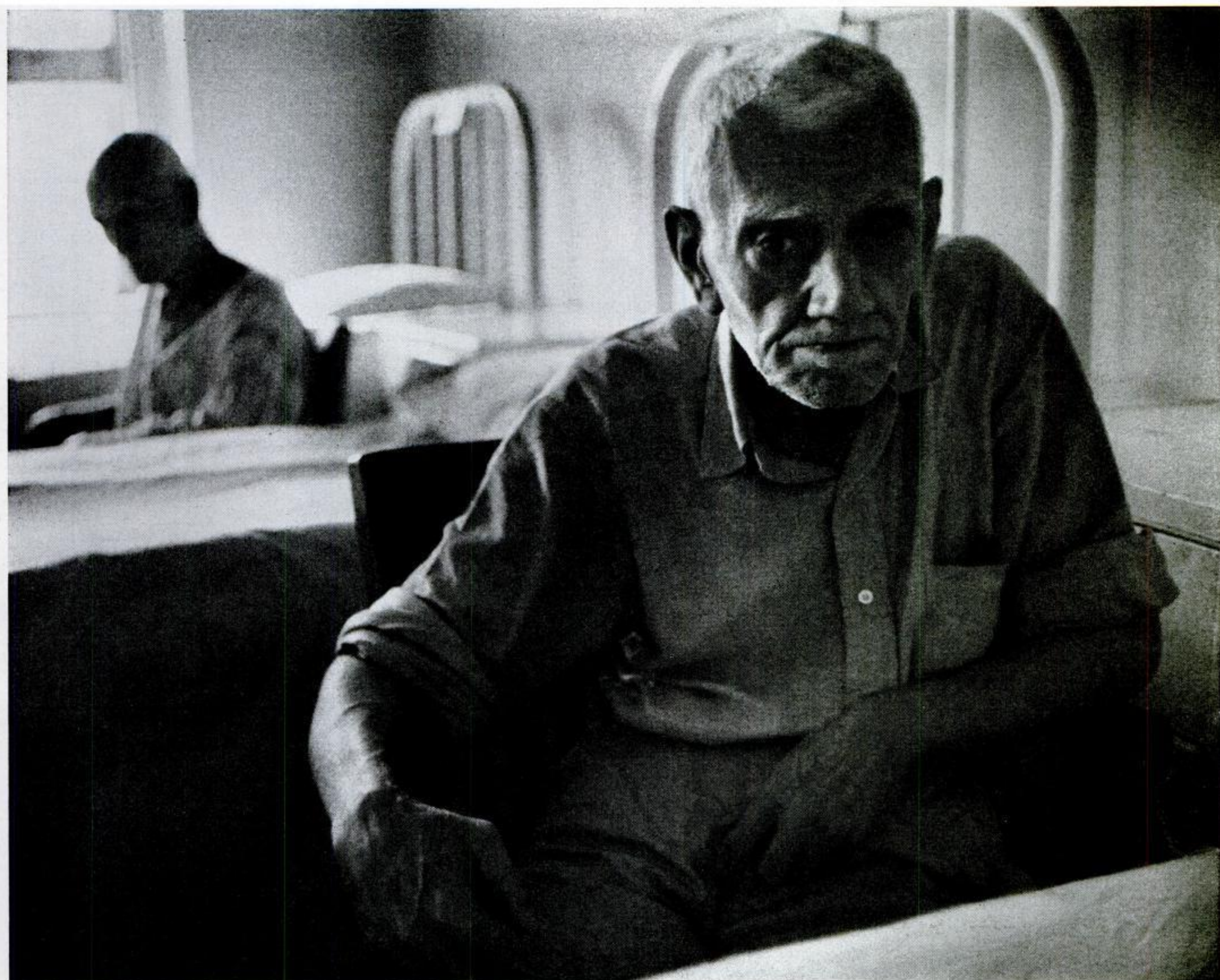


DUTIFUL WIVES TEND TO THEIR TIRED HUSBANDS IN CLUB DRESSING ROOM BETWEEN SONG SESSIONS

SEXTET OF SINGERS AND WIVES SCRAMBLE UNDER OVERTURNED BOAT WHEN RAIN INTERRUPTS AN IMPROVISED SONG, "NEW YORK IS A SUMMER FESTIVAL"







STARING HAUNTINGLY AT NOTHINGNESS HOUR AFTER HOUR, TWO OLD MEN SIT SILENT AND STILL BESIDE THEIR BEDS IN THE ST. LOUIS CHRONIC HOSPITAL

UNNECESSARY FATE OF THE OLD AND SICK

Sound rehabilitation methods prove a pitiable plight can be avoided

"Some nights when I can't sleep, I think about the difference between what I'd hoped for when I was young and what I have now and what I am." These words, spoken from a mental hospital by Mrs. Emma Atkins, 70 (pp. 72, 73), sum up the pathetic anguish of the old people who fall sick—either mentally or physically—and are consigned to the most pitiable fate that old age holds. They are the aged and ill in hospitals and nursing homes who lie in bed or sit beside it, imprisoned by helplessness, waiting to die, yet clinging to lives of crushing emptiness. At the cost of their own and their families' life savings, at the price of millions in government welfare, these aged are sympathetically washed and fed, given TV and materials for small hobbies—but generally treated as hopeless. "We just try to make them comfortable," said a nursing home owner. "It may sound harsh, but there's no cure for too many winters and summers."

In the first three chapters of its Old Age series, LIFE showed the family problems of old people and suggested different ways to successful aging. Here LIFE shows the grim but needless fate that can befall sick old people, and how to avert it.

Yet nearly half of these tragic old people, stored away like vegetables, could be largely rehabilitated.

They need persistent encouragement from skilled—and necessarily optimistic—rehabilitation teams using

inexpensive exercising equipment or tranquilizing drugs. Where this has been done in New York City's Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews (*next page*) and experimentally in Poughkeepsie, N.Y.'s Hudson River State Hospital (pp. 72, 73), the results have been remarkable. (Last year Hudson River discharged 41% of those in its experimental program.)

But even if they were available, good medical care and rehabilitation are beyond the reach of today's aged, who need two and a half times more hospital care than people under 65, and have only a third the income. How to finance the care and prevent the tragedy—both of which are shown on the following pages—is a problem that should concern every American.



IN PARALLEL BARS Mrs. Levy gamely exercises hip muscles in unison with Therapist Sophie Mann.

AT WALL PULLEYS Abraham Zurich, 74, hauls on weights with Mrs. Mann's vigorous encouragement.



UNDER EYE OF PHYSICAL THERAPIST, LADIES,

PROMISING

Mrs. Louise Levy, 82, who lived alone in a small apartment, tripped and broke her hip. After two weeks in a hospital she came to the Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews. In an energetic atmosphere of hopefulness, she was encouraged into hours of exercise, which kept her hip mobile and strengthened her whole body. Within six weeks she was self-sufficient—able to get in and out of bed, dress herself and get



INCLUDING MRS. LEVY (THIRD FROM LEFT), STRENGTHEN THEIR ARMS. SUCH EXERCISES KEEP ALL BUT 6% OF THE PATIENTS FROM BEING BEDRIDDEN

BATTLE AGAINST CRIPPLING INFIRMITY

around in a wheelchair. Six months after her fall she can expect to walk normally again. The cost was \$11 a day.

Today few places practice physical rehabilitation of the aged. Mrs. Levy's main alternative to the Hebrew home would be one of the nation's 25,000 nursing homes, 97% of which are privately run by operators who, although often well-meaning, are primarily businessmen.

In many nursing homes Mrs. Levy would not even get good nursing care, let alone rehabilitation. Four fifths of the nation's nursing homes have no registered nurse on their staff. Twelve percent of their patients have not seen a doctor for six months or more. The routine care most homes offer, in fact, often immobilizes patients like Mrs. Levy in an armchair or bed. This can leave them in time needlessly crippled as

muscles atrophy and joints stiffen from disuse.

The homes point out that half their patients are on welfare and receive an average of \$130 a month—only enough for bare custodial care. Experts believe that rehabilitation specialists sent into nursing homes, tightened licensing standards and medical benefits for old people would strike at the ignorance, apathy and poverty causing the sad scenes on the next page.



↓ **SEARCHING FOR COMFORT**, Miss Mary Folsom, 86, a lonely patient in an old people's home in Atlanta, touches her forehead to that of maid on duty.

↑ **IN ABJECT IDLENESS**, staring out through the restraining bars, aged mental patients are confined in close proximity with infirm old people below in courtyard.



ROCKEFELLER TELLS PROGRAM FOR AGED

Governor reports experiments, future hopes

by NELSON ROCKEFELLER

AS history reckons, the U.S. is a young nation, but a rapidly increasing percentage of our population is old. It is up to all of us to see that these older citizens lead meaningful, healthy and useful lives.

Each of our 50 states has a huge role to play in this task. One of the most far-reaching and significant challenges that faces any governor is how to work effectively for the aged. Let me describe the work that is being done and that still remains to be done in my own state of New York.

Any proper program for the aged must show a vigorous concern for their welfare. It is not easy for a state to find the money—and even with limitless money it would not have limitless staff or limitless knowledge. But an experimental program can often blaze new trails and can even save money in the long run as well as greatly increase human happiness.

I am glad, for instance, that another part of this LIFE article reports on one promising experiment in New York State—one of our four pilot intensive-treatment units for geriatric patients in our state hospitals. At Hudson River State Hospital, where there is intensified treatment and a stepped-up activity program, a gratifyingly high percentage of the elderly patients in the pilot unit were socially rehabilitated last year. This pioneer work, although still on a limited scale, demonstrates that, if proper facilities were provided, a large percentage of such rehabilitation could be done successfully right in the community.

With 1.5 million New York citizens now 65 or older, there are nearly 70,000 elderly persons receiving care at public expense in our mental hospitals, nursing homes and other institutions. By 1970, as the forward march of science and medical research makes new discoveries in the causes and prevention of heart disease and cancer, there will be increasing numbers in this advanced age group—at least two million. Thus there will be many more people with problems of aging for whom the state will have to provide hospitalization or other institutional care.

It is of utmost concern to me that elderly persons have adequate medical and hospital care. Tragically, however, it is just at the retirement age of 65 that people are frequently dropped from health insurance plans, only to find that the cost of individual health insurance policies is prohibitive. The fiscal implications of this problem are among the most serious confronting us today.

In attacking this problem we should give consideration to making health insurance available to older citizens, especially for major illness such as cancer or heart disease. New York has already taken one legislative step: insurance companies can no longer issue a policy subject to cancellation or a refusal to renew just because the owner is in poor health. A committee which I am appointing will consider a program of major medical insurance for all wage earners in the state, and it will study the

possibility of permitting individuals to retain any such protection even after retirement.

There are also positive things the states can do to encourage our older citizens to participate in daily life, to maintain their health and to lead productive, self-reliant lives.

For more than a decade New York has been educating the public on old age. The state government has put more and more emphasis on programs for the elderly. To help them get jobs, New York has passed laws prohibiting discrimination in employment because of age. Laws alone cannot reverse an inhuman, short-sighted trend but, coupled with an effective educational program, they can help open the doors to employment and keep them open.

Old people need housing that is safe, comfortable and suitable to their needs. Several New York cities have special housing developments for old people, and all public and low-cost housing projects now regularly set aside a proportion of their units for the elderly. I am happy to report that the proportion of units for the aged has been raised from 5% to 10% and, in certain areas, even higher, for I have often been stirred by seeing how much old people like to mingle with others. The aging who see nothing but other wrinkled faces are often starved for the sight of young people and children.

New York's Bureau of Chronic Diseases and Geriatrics is doing research on heart disease, diabetes, glaucoma and stroke, great killers and maimers of the elderly. Our Health Department has a program to detect chronic diseases. It operates clinics and a cancer research center, and it is campaigning to help prevent the accidents that happen to older people. Our mental hygiene department is trying to learn more about senility.

In many ways New York is trying to reduce the amount of empty leisure for the old. We have made special funds available to school districts that provide educational services for the aging and to cities and towns that have recreation projects for them. More than 100 school districts and 15 cities and towns have taken advantage of this state aid.

All the programs described above will help—but they are only a beginning. Our efforts to cope with the problem of old age, I am frank to say, are still tentative and inadequate.

The greatest pitfall is to think of old age as simply a government problem. It is a *human* problem—and also a great human opportunity. Elderly people are rich in years and potentials, each desiring to fill a useful place. They are all of us—tomorrow or the next day.

To discover a fruitful way to use our later years is primarily an individual task, and it is one that should begin in youth. As individuals, we must refocus our sights so that our lifetime purposes and goals embrace the added years that science has given us. For its part, government at all levels must be prepared to supply and expand the services needed to deal with the most striking phenomenon of our century.

↓ IN EMPTINESS of nursing home—a good one—three women, one bedridden, lack rehabilitation.

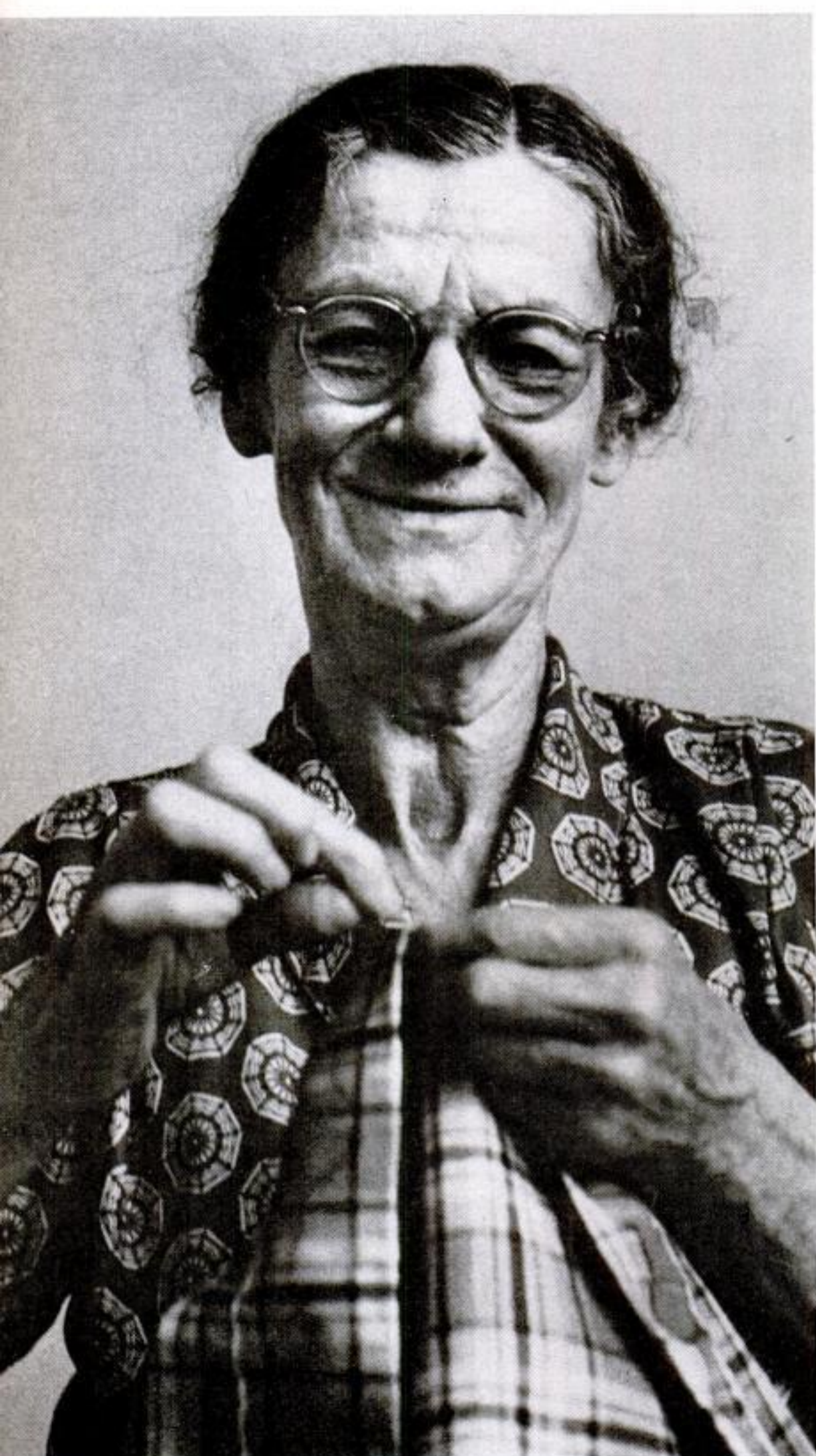


FRIENDLY DISCUSSION with psychiatrist, Dr. Peter Goode, is informal treatment, giving Mrs. Atkins sense that somebody cares about her—a feeling she has not had for years.



IMPULSIVE KISS is given by Mrs. Atkins on hand of Irene Tegmeier, called "nurse who hugged hundreds of old people back to life."

A MENTAL PATIENT'S RETURN TO WORLD



SUDDEN SMILE lights Mrs. Atkins' face as she sews dress in a program to keep the patients active.

On admission as a mental patient at the Hudson River State Hospital, Mrs. Emma Atkins, 70, was described as "malnourished, extremely jumpy . . . suffers from intolerable loneliness . . . deepening neurosis, fed over the years by lack of money, lack of interested relatives . . . crushed by life and solitude." She had lost both her husband and son within 22 months.

But she was lucky. She became one of 60 patients in a year-old experiment to see whether newly admitted aged mental patients could be returned to the world. The experiment showed that senility is not always brain deterioration. Instead, such pressures as Mrs. Atkins endured, piled one atop another, can send old people spiraling downward into mental illness. Her treatment consisted of tranquilizing drugs

and kindly counseling, planned activities, including occupational therapy, and intensive medical care with massive doses of vitamins and affection. The treatment cost \$7.30 a day, and the doctors claim it could be given in any well-equipped, properly staffed hospital or nursing home. After five months, her strength remobilized, Mrs. Atkins was discharged and moved to a boarding house, paid for by her \$65-a-month welfare check. There was unfortunately no community agency available to seek out this shy, fearful lady and to fill the voids in her life. But she will still get a check-up twice a month. She has escaped the fate of many aged mental patients who, confined without special care among the psychotic, slip off into an abyss of despondency (*next page*).



MEETING ROOMMATE at boardinghouse, Mrs. Atkins and social worker who brought her, Carolee

Harned (*left*), are introduced to Mrs. Rose Derby, 80 (*seated*), by landlady, Mrs. Margaret Pfanne.



IN HER NEW HOME, filled with trepidation at what the future may bring, Mrs. Emma Atkins sits forlornly on her bed in boardinghouse with almost all her

worldly possessions at her feet. Her welfare allowance for clothing, carfare, aspirin, telephone—all of life's small, essential expenses—is only \$8.10 a month.

THE TRAGIC SENTENCING OF THE OLD

Problems that often affect the aged and their families are discussed below by Dr. Martin Symonds. A psychiatrist at Bellevue Hospital in 1955-57, he is now on the staff of the Karen Horney Clinic and of the New York University College of Medicine.

All too often in America there is only one place for old people: a state mental hospital. What a heartbreaking experience when an old lady asks, "Where are you sending me?" I tell her. She says, "But I'm not crazy!" And I have to say, "Well, you tell me where else I can send you." For many of these old people, although they have symptoms of mental disturbance, simply need some supervisory care.

The families who bring their aged to hospitals like Bellevue are usually at the end of their rope. Or sometimes it all starts when the children decide that their mother, who has long lived in a poor neighborhood, should move to a nice airy housing development—the best! So in their enthusiasm the children put her there, and with that change she may well become confused and disoriented. Unless old people *want* to move they shouldn't.

Of course when old people become unable to take care of themselves, someone must do it for them. Nursing homes are expensive—and if you need a nursing home with psychiatric facilities it will cost much more. That leaves the state hospital. In order to gain admittance, only technical evidence is needed to term the aged mentally ill according to law. Under New York law such evidence includes: memory defects (You ask a confused old man who is President and he may answer Cleveland, or someone else out of his past); or disorientation as to place (You ask, "Where are you?" and many of these old people don't know; they were never told.) You may then ask the judge to commit under "Chronic brain syndrome."

When I tell the family, they are horrified. "But our mother isn't crazy," they say correctly. Most of these old people don't need active psychiatric treatment—just a room of their own and supervision. Only about 10% to 15% of those I examined were really psychotic.

Unless someone objects, commitment to a state hospital is rather routine. In practice, any time a family wants a relative back, the state is only too happy to agree. Whatever the decision—and whenever it is made—it is one that gives the family concerned little peace.

We need separate facilities for old people, or at least a geriatrics division in hospitals. More fundamentally we need to distinguish between senescence, which is the mere fact of aging, and senility, which is something quite different. For happily, those people who manage to keep up their various interests, who stay active and adequate, very rarely become senile.

SLUMPED IN DESPAIR, aged mental patients sit at Hudson River State Hospital. They entered before beginning of experimental program (*previous page*) which might have rehabilitated many of them.







SHOWING THE STRAIN, Kuznetsov tries to relax between events after pulling leg muscle in race.



KUZNETSOV GRIMACES WHILE THROWING DISCUS

GREATEST ALL-AROUND ATHLETE

The decathlon is the best measure of all-around athletic ability known to man. In 10 grueling track and field events it tests speed and stamina, strength and skill, and the man with the highest score is traditionally regarded as the world's greatest athlete. This year the title belongs to a sinewy, sensitive-faced Russian schoolteacher named Vasily Kuznetsov. Last week, competing in America in a dual track meet between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., Kuznetsov showed the dual reason he had been chosen as captain of the Russian team. Before taking the field he extolled the rigorous Russian training system which had built him up from a "tall thin fellow, not outstanding in anything." Then he gave out with a diplomatic piece of athletic philosophy: "I come to compete, not to beat." So saying Kuznetsov went out and beat the pants off the Americans, coming within a whisker of breaking his own two-month-old world decathlon record.



LEAVING FOR HOME, Kuznetsov gets an autograph from one of his heroes, Pianist Van Cliburn. →

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IRAQ'S 'SOLE LEADER'

The factors behind

by KEITH WHEELER

LIFE Associate Editor

BAGHDAD, IRAQ

LAST month, for the third time in a year, the critically central and critically unstable Middle East state of Iraq plunged into the agony of internecine bloodshed.

The first upheaval came July 14, 1958 when an army revolt and three murders—those of King Faisal, his uncle Crown Prince Abdul Illah and Premier Nuri es Said—abruptly ended 37 years of Western-sponsored government.

The second erupted in the northern city of Mosul last March. Dissident army units and some Bedouin tribesmen clashed there with pro-Communists in an effort to overthrow the new revolutionary government of Premier Abdul Karim Kassem. Some 2,000 died.

The third and latest outburst came, ironically, during nationwide celebration of the first. It began with the brutal murder of a cafe owner by Kurdish tribesmen in the Iraqi oil center of Kirkuk. Before order was restored by the arrival of army reinforcements, Kirkuk had been subjected to a long night of terror by the pro-Communist Kurds in league with blood cousins who had mutinied from army units stationed there and units of the nation's Red infiltrated militia, the People's Resistance Force (*opposite*). About 50 were killed.

Several weeks ago I was given a unique opportunity to observe first hand the working of the forces which have kept Iraq in violent turmoil for a year and pose a constant peril to the West's economic and strategic stake there. The stake is vital, for Iraq's collapse would probably cost West European industry Iraq's oil, which pours out at the rate of 255 million barrels a year. It would also imperil other Middle East oil-producing areas and outflank the Western-oriented nations of Pakistan and Iran.

A break in the blackout

MY opportunity came in the depths of a news blackout. At a time when Western diplomats were isolated in their embassies and nearly all Western correspondents were being expelled or turned back at the borders, I was surprisingly granted a visa on 24 hours' notice. It came through the influence of Foreign Minister Hashim Jawad. If not exactly pro-Western in his views, Jawad is still a vigorous and uncompromising foe of Communism, and he knew me from my previous trips to the Middle East.

In Iraq I talked with Western and neutral diplomats, with the handful of Western businessmen who remain there, with ordinary Iraqis in the streets and with the few cabinet ministers who dared see a Westerner. At the end I spent four hours with Premier Kassem himself, that strangely mystic and elusive man who is hailed—by all Iraqis who know what is good for them—as the father of their revolution.

The picture of Iraq that emerged was a classic illustration of the chaos that can follow revolution. The old order is gone and there is as yet no strong new order to replace it. Suspicion, hatred and fear rule Iraq. The prevailing



CONFIDENT KASSEM WAVES TO CHEERING BAGHDAD CROWDS IN RECENT ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

AND HIS SHAKY STATE

Kassem's belated stand against Reds emerge in unique visit



DEFIANT MILITIAMEN CARRY PISTOLS IN MASS PARADE OF RED-SPONSORED PEOPLE'S RESISTANCE FORCE DESPITE OFFICIAL CLAIMS THEY WERE UNARMED

condition is one of confusion and irresponsible license in the guise of liberty. The entire country is beset from within and without by two contending forces: Arab nationalists, who take their cues from President Gamal Abdel Nasser of the United Arab Republic, and a relentless internal Communist movement supported by the Soviet Union.

Strictly speaking Iraq was no longer a colonial country even before the revolution. But most of its six million people believed that it was and they violently resented it. As recently as 1955 British administrators were in charge of much of Iraq's internal machinery. Right up to the end a year ago it remained linked to Britain through the Baghdad Pact. Its veteran Premier Nuri es Said was considered a British puppet. At the time I arrived, Iraq, with the Nuri regime thrown down, was wallowing in

spite and resentment against the West. Anti-Westernism was evident everywhere, among cabinet ministers as well as peasants.

Trouble from a phone call

ASSOCIATING with Westerners in the remotest way could get any citizen of Iraq into trouble. A group of Iraqis who stopped in at Baghdad's fashionable Aliwiyah Club and thereafter spent a social evening with some Americans and Italians were followed and arrested. When I telephoned an old acquaintance and asked to see him, he awkwardly begged off. Intermediaries brought me word a few days later that, despite his caution, the mere fact of answering my call had been enough to bring the police down on him for a long interrogation.

In Hillah, a town on the Euphrates River

60 miles south of Baghdad, I watched a left-wing Peace Partisans' jubilee for which an attendance of 250,000 was claimed. The streets overflowed with parading masses of farmers, soldiers, children, women's organizations, labor unions, whole villages and tribes. Ducking out of the dusty mainstream of humanity, I asked for a bottle of pop at an open-fronted coffeehouse. The bystanders, in a typically Arab outburst of hospitality toward an individual visitor, refused to let me pay.

"You are our guest," said one. "What do you think of the parade? See, they all call for peace, even the soldiers." I said that peace was fine and anybody in his right mind approved of it.

"Ah, but not your kind of peace," came a protest. "Not Eisenhower peace, not imperialist peace! Please have another Coke, *fadel*."

Every Baghdad paper, regardless of political

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IN PEOPLE'S COURT, which is brightly lit for television, a government prosecutor mounts a typically ranting

attack on former secret police chief Bahjat Atiyah, who listens stolidly from the wooden pen of prisoner's dock.

IRAQ CONTINUED

complexion, denounces the West daily. But by all odds the headiest anti-Western razzle-dazzle emanates from the so-called People's Court, a circus travesty of a tribunal presided over by a cousin of the premier, a strutting bully named Colonel Fadhil Abbas Mahdawi. Watching the court in action was an appalling experience.

Ostensibly Mahdawi's court is trying "traitors," first officials of the old regime and then army officers accused of complicity in the Mosul incident last March. But, except for their having to pay the penalty in the end, the accused standing at attention in the dock seem more like theatrical props than real people. In a very real sense they are props—stand-ins for the defendants really on trial: Great Britain, the U.S., Israel, the old regime and, more recently, Nasser of the United Arab Republic.

Performing before the tribunal, Mahdawi never misses an opportunity, however slight or even absurd, to fire a scatter-shot broadside at a Western target. When testimony revealed that one defendant, a Lieutenant Kamil Ismail, had an English wife, Mahdawi subjected him to a scathing tirade.

"Why did you get married to an English lady?" he demanded. "Is this Arab nationalism? Do you not like our own honest and pious girls? Was your English wife not a spy?"

The death of John Foster Dulles provoked Mahdawi to what has thus far been his supreme exercise in bad taste. The day Dulles' funeral took place in the U.S., the court's official prosecutor referred rather mildly to the Secretary of State's passing as "a loss to imperialism." This brought a quick retort from Mahdawi.

"I prefer to call Dulles the corpse of imperialism," he said, breaking in. "This corpse of imperialism, whose funeral takes place today, to hell with him. . . . Our court, which speaks in the name of a heroic, courageous, democratic and liberated people, cannot be courteous to enemies of the people and warmongers like that foul corpse of imperialism."

I expressed my misgivings about Mahdawi's mockery of the judicial process to a cabinet minister. "Who said it was a judicial process?" the minister retorted. "It is a revolutionary court, trying traitors and expressing the feeling of the people."

There is unfortunately little doubt that Mahdawi's ranting does indeed express the feelings of the Iraqi people at this moment in their history. They sit in the court by the hundreds, excited, jubilant, greeting Mahdawi's every venomous sally with hysterical

cheers and cadenced outbursts of loud applause.

The anti-Western feeling goes beyond mere rhetoric. Western contractors, some of whom have been working in Iraq for years, are feeling the pinch in material ways. One group having trouble is the Derbendi Khan Contractors, an organization of three U.S. and one German firm, who have been building a major rock-fill dam on a tributary of the Tigris River. At one time and another the Baghdad government has fallen as much as \$3 million and five months behind on payments, and the contractors are now encountering delays in getting visas for technicians going on vacation or arriving to replace outgoing personnel. The big American construction firm of Morrison-Knudsen completed a 102-mile road building project last August. But final disposition of the contract was still under negotiation 11 months after the job was done. As a result \$4.5 million worth of M-K machinery remained idle in Iraq and the company was still awaiting \$11.5 million for work completed.

Iraq Petroleum Company, the oil combine jointly owned by the British, French, Dutch and Americans, is also suffering harassment. (At one point the indignities extended to the search of a briefcase carried by Lord Monckton, I.P.C.'s chairman, on an inspection visit from London.) I.P.C. is under government pressure to surrender part of its concession area and to replace its foreign technicians with Iraqi nationals. Complying with the government's requests, however, does not in itself solve anything. "When we promote an Iraqi to a responsible post," said an I.P.C. spokesman, "he immediately becomes a target for every Iraqi who did not get promoted. Soon we find him laughed out of his job or, worse, denounced as a traitor and thrown in jail."

Demoralization and euphoria

NOT all this trouble, it must be said, can be charged to hatred and distrust of foreigners. Much of it results from the progressive disorganization and demoralization of Iraq's economic and governmental structure during the past year. And much can be traced to a nationwide euphoria, as Iraqis plunge headlong into the delights of liberty.

Under Nuri, Iraq did not allow labor unions to function. Now it does, but neither the rank and file nor the leaders have ever had an opportunity to learn the meaning of responsibility. In former times a pick-and-shovel Iraqi laborer worked a grueling nine-hour day for 85¢; now his day is down to eight hours and his wage is up to \$1.40, not counting overtime and paid holiday provisions. But even these gains

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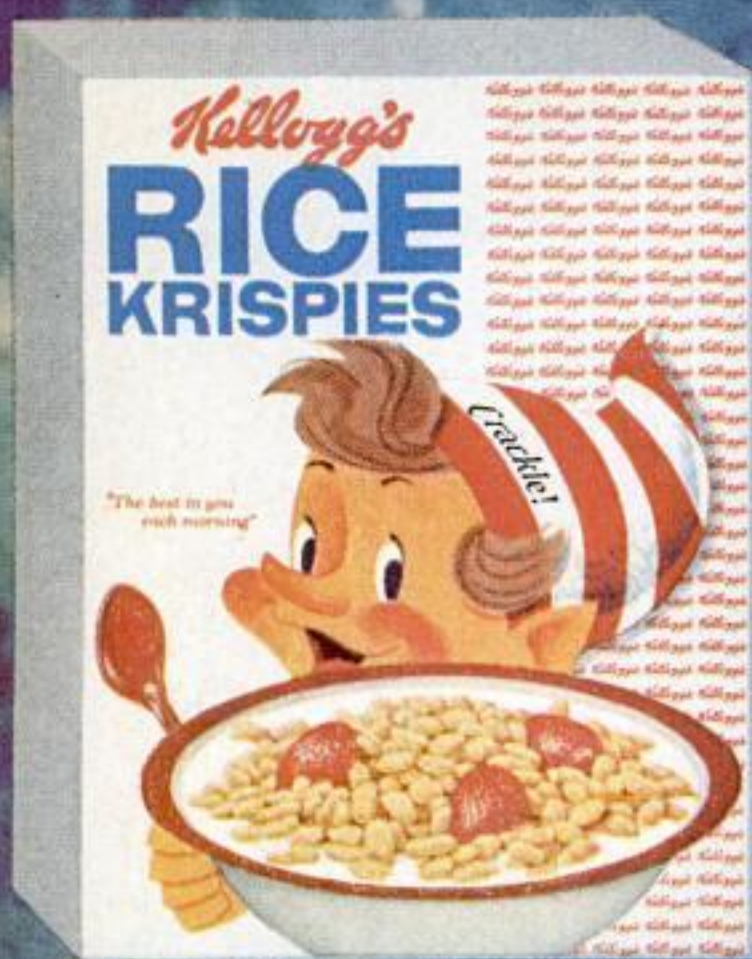


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PRE-KASSEM OPPRESSION is caricatured in float made for anniversary parade in Baghdad. Sign says "The Imprisoned People of the Extinct Regime."

IRAQ CONTINUED

are too slow to satisfy the newly liberated work force. There are widespread reports of impromptu strikes—both the walkout and sit-down varieties—and outright intimidation of employers, both foreign and Iraqi. Now the union leaders are calling for a seven-hour day, and nobody pays much heed to Prime Minister Kassem's mild exhortation: "If you want to defeat imperialism, my brothers, you ought to work an extra hour a day rather than an hour less."

Perhaps nothing so imperils the internal structure of Iraq on every level as a proliferating political phenomenon called the "committees for the defense of the republic." These volunteer vigilante organizations have sprung up by the dozen both in government departments and in private enterprise. Ostensibly their purpose is to protect the revolution from those who might betray it. But all too often the committees have been irresponsible instruments of suspicion, jealousy, place-seeking or private revenge. There is no way of counting the government functionaries or other executives whom the committees have hounded out of their jobs, denounced or herded into jail.

"The committees are all right and can serve a useful function, but only if there is some one strong enough to keep them in hand," said one cabinet minister. "The trouble is that we don't have enough strong or determined men to lay down the law."

Reports vary widely concerning the disintegration of Iraq's civil service and army officer personnel under the pressure of this unfortunate committee system. Some Westerners estimate that more than half the country's qualified civil servants have been fired and that as many as a quarter of all army officers have been dismissed, forcibly retired or jailed. The true figures are probably much smaller but still considerable. Foreign Minister Jawad told me that 40 individuals, up to the level of ambassador, had been dismissed from his staff of 250. (He described those ousted as "deadwood.") Finance Minister Mohammed Hadid reported firing 150 from a ministry payroll of 2,238. "They were mostly tax collectors. Tax collectors," he added drily, "seem to be more susceptible to corruption than most employees."

The part played by Communism in Iraq's postrevolutionary agony cannot be fully measured, but the party's intense activity is clearly visible. No effort is made to hide its presence. The difficulty lies in learning its full scope, for only a few leaders openly identify themselves as Communists.

The nation's most prominent acknowledged Communist is Abdel Khader Ismail, one of the Middle East's truly legendary party figures. Ismail, a burly, ruggedly handsome man in his early 40s, survived Nuri's regime by going into exile, but he returned after the revolution to set himself up as editor of the Communist party newspaper, *Ittihad al Shaab*. Day after day he has beat the drum for a list of specific Communist party demands: abrogation of Iraq's membership in the Baghdad Pact; immediate execution of death sentences passed by Colonel Mahdawi's "court" on alleged traitors; official issue of arms to the 35,000-man People's Resistance Force; and cabinet posts for Communist party members.

The Communists got their first objective when Iraq renounced the Baghdad Pact. If they are able to achieve the other aims in substantial measure, there is little doubt that they will then proceed to ask for more. Eventually, they might reasonably hope to take over the ruins of Iraq and use it as a base to undermine the entire Middle East.

Only one figure stands in their way, and for a perilously long time

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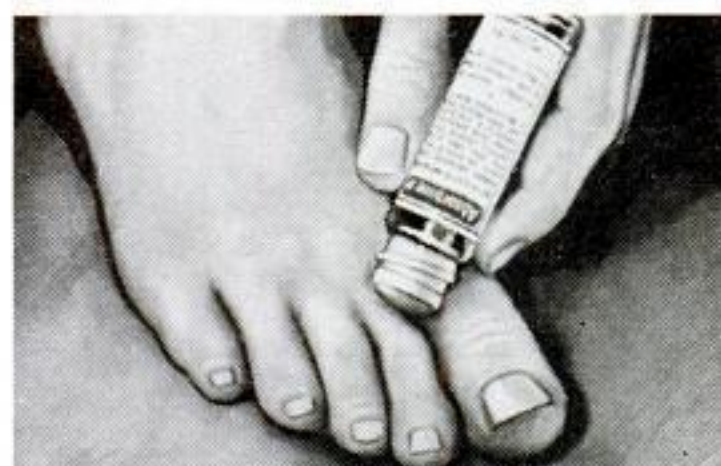
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IRAQ CONTINUED

he seemed a weak and indecisive barrier that might waver and fall at any moment. He is the "sole leader of the immortal revolution," Major General Abdul Karim Kassem.

Kassem is a lifelong bachelor, a professional soldier with a deceptively gentle, smiling manner and a strangely circuitous, temporizing way of discussing the vital issues with which he must deal. For the first year of the revolution, Kassem worked upward of 20 hours a day and rested by cat-napping on a cot in his heavily guarded Defense Ministry office. But a large part of his working days and nights was taken up with long, rambling talk or, like his well-known Eighth Century predecessor, Harun al-Raschid of *Arabian Nights* fame, with nighttime prowling through the streets of Baghdad. Kassem is proud of these excursions into the twisted, lightless alleys of his weathered capital city. "No counterrevolution can succeed here," he told me with a confident smile as we talked in his office. "I would know about it beforehand. I know every street and byway. I know every leader."

Indeed, there is evidence that he was not bragging. Last March when dissident army officers attempted a counterrevolution at Mosul, Kassem was apparently well enough forewarned to insure the plot's failure by provoking it to premature action.

In his relations with the Communists, however, Kassem at first seemed fatally irresolute. True, some of his concessions had little real meaning, being mainly gestures to public prejudice. When, in late March, he denounced the Baghdad Pact, the Eisenhower Doctrine and U.S. military aid, he was only attacking concepts that had been dead in Iraq from the first day of the revolution. Indeed, in his few long talks with Westerners, Kassem consistently holds that such visibly anti-Western statements are not at all unfriendly.

When I visited him, Kassem was sitting at the green-felt-covered table where he conducts cabinet meetings. Ceiling fans slowly stirred the afternoon heat which approached 116°. He spoke in a low voice, dealing with each question at great length as he closed in on the core of his answer. He smiled constantly and toyed with a handkerchief wadded in his left hand.

"When we have done away with these agreements by friendly means and through friendly channels, there should be no further reason for dissension between us," he told me. "When the people see that the countries with whom we deal no longer have means to take advantage of us, then even the people will look upon your Western countries as friends. All these agreements—the treaties with Britain and the Baghdad Pact—were concluded without the consent of the people, for the old regime disregarded the people. Now the situation is different. With the passage of time the Iraqi people will overcome their feelings of apprehension toward Britain and the U.S."

An elusive victory

FOR weeks Kassem temporized on the issue of arms for the Communist-sponsored People's Resistance Force, until it looked as if the Communists had won their point in an elusive and unofficial way. While a cabinet minister still insisted to me that the "rank and file of the P.R.F. has not been armed and will not be armed," any traveler on the streets or roads after midnight could see that nearly every man jack of them carried either a pistol or a rifle.

But Kassem would not yield on the executions ordered by Colonel Mahdawi's tribunal. No matter how the Communist press cried for blood, Kassem would not order it shed. Nor would he, on the other hand, declare categorically that he would never do so. Instead he took refuge in his customary indirection. "The execution or nonexecution is a matter for me to decide," he said to me. "Do these traitors frighten you? Their day is done." Typically he would not disavow Mahdawi either. "When he is presiding over the People's Court," Kassem told me, "he cannot very well act otherwise. If you would get to know him personally, you would find that he is a very subdued man."

Kassem has played a strange cellar-level cat-and-mouse game with the Communists over the question of Red representation in the cabinet. He would not openly refuse. But three months ago he did suggest, with his usual mild circumlocution, that political party activity as such failed to serve the best interests of the revolution in its "transitional period."

Then, gently and indirectly, showing his hand only as the fatherly friend of all, he engineered a quarrel between the Communists and the country's only other surviving political entity, the socialist-inclined National Democratic party, on the issue of whether parties should voluntarily abandon their activities. The upshot was that the Communists made a temporary strategic retreat and provisionally abandoned their claim to a place in the cabinet. But it was obvious that the showdown had only been postponed.

Suddenly, just a few weeks ago, the Communists abandoned the mask again. They created a transparent National Union Front by

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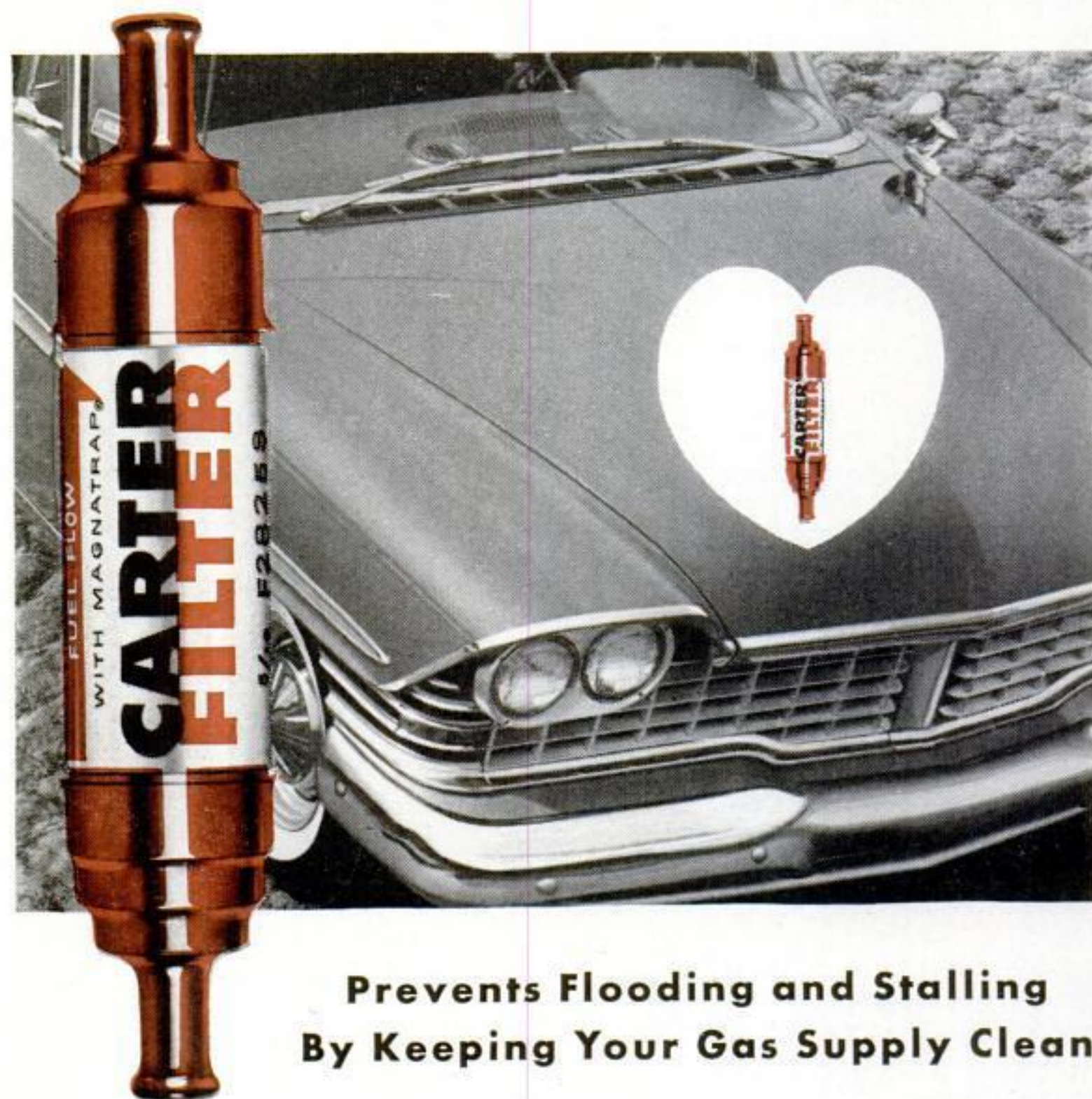
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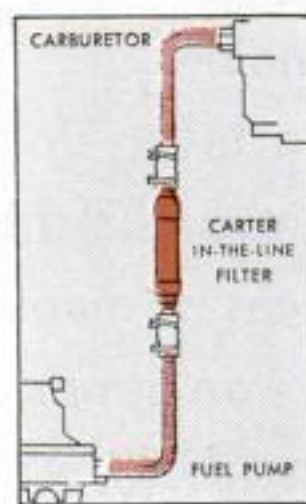
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By Keeping Your Gas Supply Clean**

Less than a pinch of dirt in gasoline can stop the biggest car dead in its tracks. And there you are in 5 o'clock traffic, or the middle of nowhere, stalled.

No, you're not buying dirty gasoline. The dirt is sediment from your gas tank, or scale from your fuel line. The gas just carries it to the carburetor—and your engine floods and stalls.

New Carter In-The-Line Filter Keeps Dirt Out of Your Car's "Heart"

The new Carter Filter fits right in the fuel line, where it traps even microscopic particles of dirt and metal—cures flooding, stalling, and carburetor damage resulting from dirt. Goes on in minutes—*have one installed next time you stop for gas!*



FREE! Easy-to-read booklet showing how the new Carter Filter protects your car, increases gas mileage, cuts repair bills! Write Dept. No. 820-L8.

CARTER CARBURETOR
DIVISION OF QCF INDUSTRIES, INCORPORATED • ST. LOUIS 7, MISSOURI



IRAQ CONTINUED

combining themselves with offshoots from Kurdish parties and splinters of the National Democratic party. They used this phony organization to prop up a renewed demand for a place in the government.

Just as suddenly Kassem quit temporizing. He dismissed some army officers in key positions whom he suspected of counterrevolutionary activity. He struck at unauthorized gun toting by ordering three-year prison sentences and \$450 fines for anyone caught with firearms. The Communists dragged a man to death on Baghdad streets, but then found they could no longer commit outrage with impunity: Kassem's soldiers cornered and killed nine of the guilty.

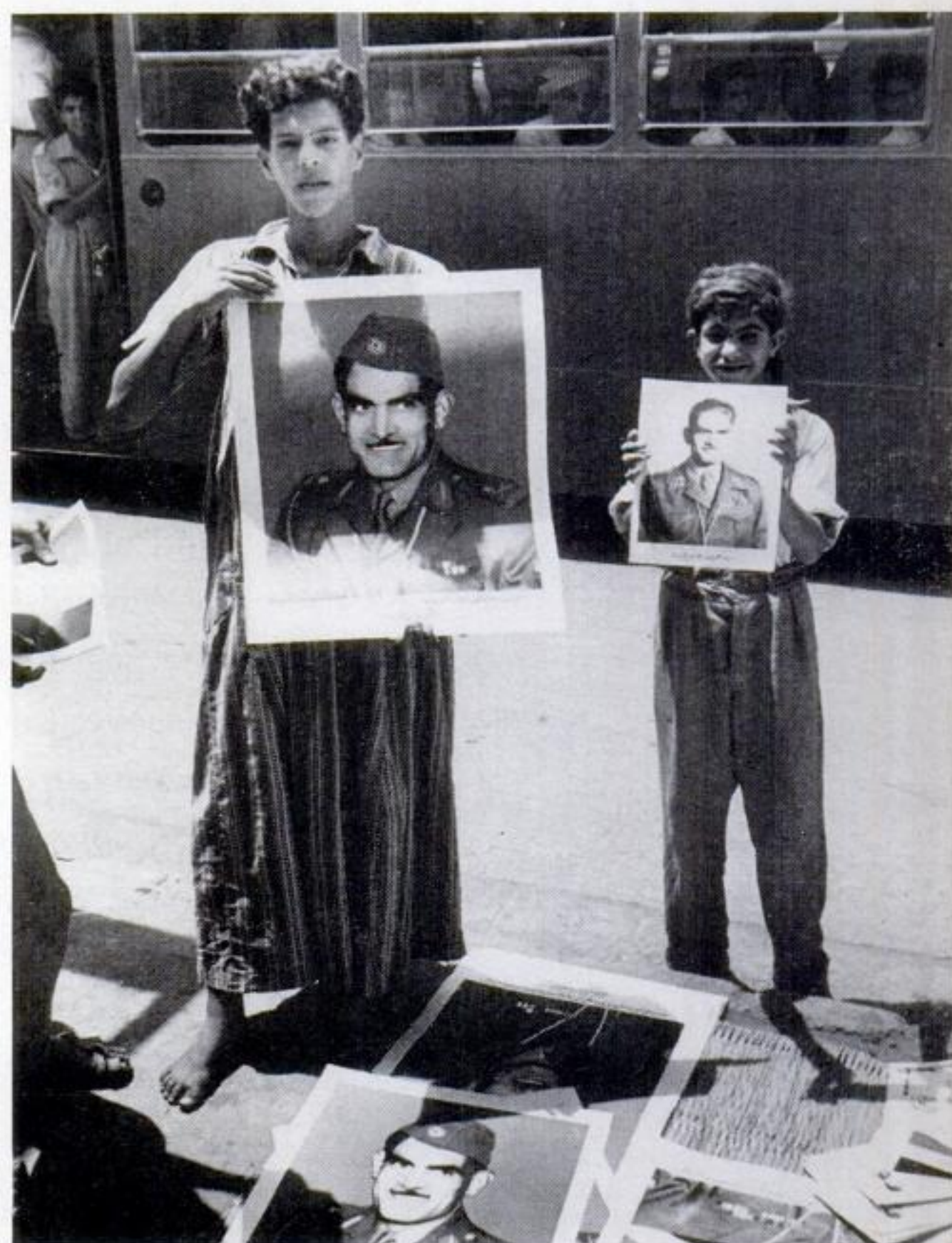
Badgered by new demands to hang the victims of Mahdawi's court, Kassem faced his Red hecklers and made his boldest stand on that touchy issue: "I will not hang traitors just because you or some other group demands it!"

Shortly thereafter the Communists suffered their bitterest disappointment of all. After two months of dallying, Kassem put a cabinet reorganization plan into effect in honor of the anniversary. But of four new ministers named to the cabinet only one, Dr. Nazeeha Dulaimi, a gynecologist, seemed recognizably close to Communism. The organization headed by Dr. Dulaimi, the League for Defense of Women's Rights, is reputed to be Communist dominated, and when I interviewed her she would not deny party membership. But even though she has now become the first woman ever to achieve cabinet rank in Iraq, Dr. Dulaimi's new responsibility is the relatively innocuous ministry for municipal affairs.

Significantly, the cabinet reorganization also materially reduced the stature of Dr. Ibrahim Kubba who, as economics minister, had wielded power second only to Kassem's. Kubba, who has described himself as a Marxist, had pursued distinctly anti-Western policies and had gone on record favoring Communists in the cabinet. In the new cabinet he was given a minor post, the Ministry of Agricultural Reform, and temporary responsibility for petroleum affairs.

With the chips down, Kassem has shown the resolution to deny the Reds such critical portfolios as defense or foreign affairs, from which they might well have been able to take control of the country. Their disappointment may have goaded them into last week's reckless bid to grab by force what they had been unable to win by guile.

The battle is clearly not yet decided. But after a year of backing and filling, Iraq's soft-tongued man of mystery appears at last to have recognized his real enemy. His other threats behind him, he has decided to stand up and give the Communists a fight.



BUILD-UP OF KASSEM is most obviously symbolized by ubiquitous poster portraits, being sold here by young boys the day before the anniversary.

Wake up to **TANG**



New breakfast drink discovery with more **vitamin C** than orange juice!

TANG tastes like sunshine in a glass! It's the happy, new instant way to get the vitamin C you need every day—*more* vitamin C than fresh or frozen orange or grapefruit juice! **More protective vitamin A** than the finest tomato juice, too. **Nothing to squeeze**, nothing to unfreeze. A glass, a spoon, plain cold water—and there's the wonderful, wake-up taste of TANG. **Always golden-good**, never acid-y. Tomorrow morning—wake up to TANG.

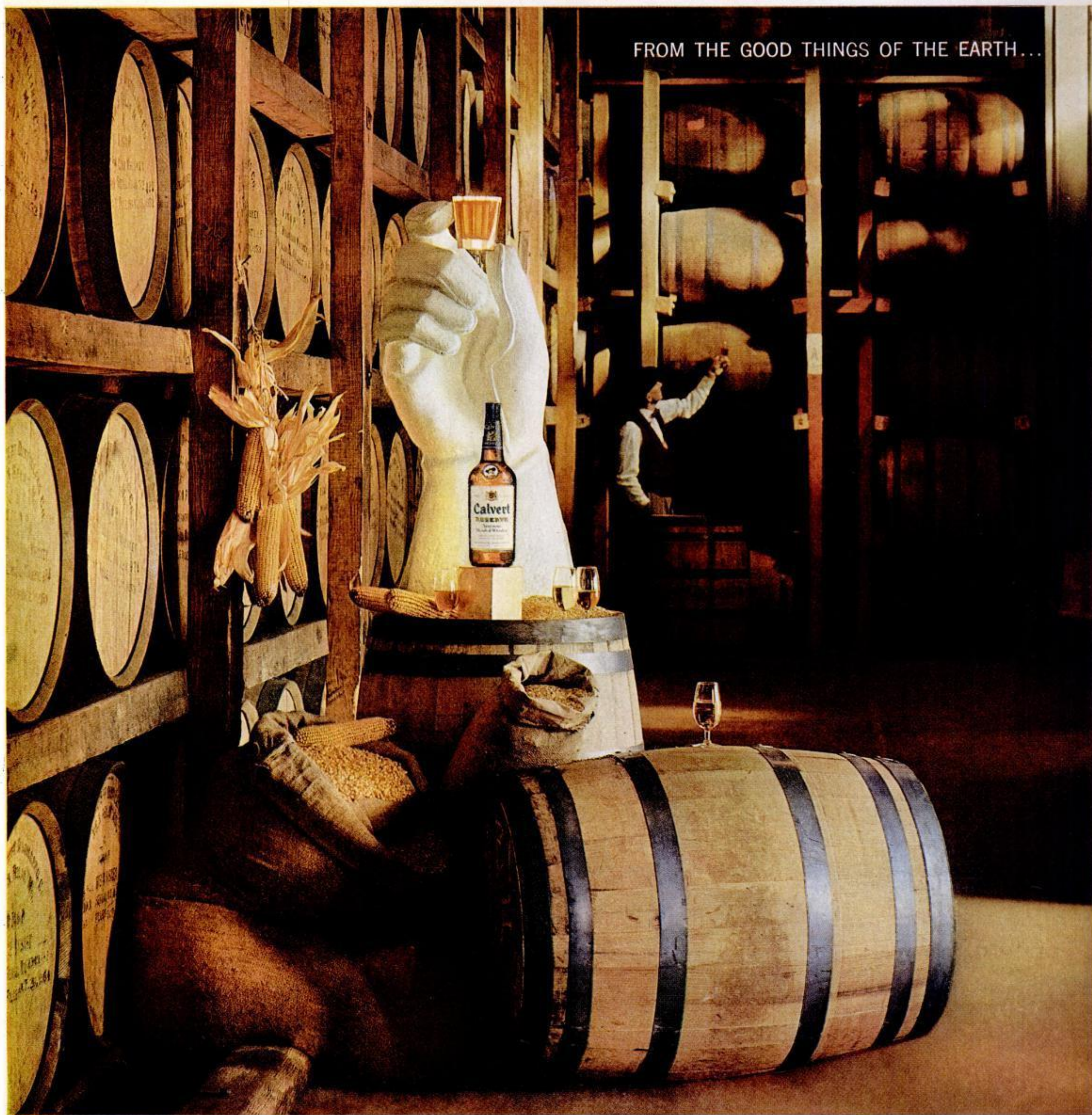


**NEW!
INSTANT!**

JUST MIX
WITH COLD WATER



Tested and
Approved in
General Foods
Kitchens



FROM THE GOOD THINGS OF THE EARTH...

Calvert has more Power to Please

...because it's the whiskey only the Hand of Skill can blend!

No single whiskey, fine as it may be, packs the power to please of the Calvert blend. The Hand of Skill combines the strength and character, the flavor and aroma, of as many as *thirty* individual whiskeys. And to complete the Calvert masterpiece, rare grain neutral spirits are blended in. They are the very heart of the grain, distilled at the most refined proof known to the

whiskey man. *The gift they bring is smoothness.* The result is a unique blend of full whiskey strength, easy-going taste. Calvert Reserve! It's whiskey with more power to please.

Calvert Reserve

ARCH TO ARC IN A HURRY



SLING LIFTS NAVY MAN UP THE THAMES BANK NEAR END OF RACE



MARINE LIEUTENANT DROPS FROM HELICOPTER AFTER HIS CROSS-CHANNEL TRIP



MILLIONAIRE IN COVERALLS LEAPS FROM HELICOPTER TO BANK OF THAMES

A grown man set out from London on roller skates, bound for Paris. A titled English couple chugged through Paris in a 50-year-old automobile, bound for London. Pedestrians in both cities dodged more than their normal share of speeding motorbikes and hopped-up lawnmowers—sure-fire signs that Europe's summer silly season was here. But the reason for this season was not so silly as it seemed, since a sizable wad of cash was involved. To commemorate the 50th anniversary of Louis Blériot's pioneer flight across the English Channel—and to sell a few extra newspapers—the London *Daily Mail* was holding a contest, with a \$14,000 first prize, for the fastest trip in either direction between the Arc de Triomphe and the Marble Arch. Blériot's ancient monoplane made it from Calais to Dover in 37 minutes. Although London-Paris flights now take only 65 minutes, an ordinary passenger still needs upwards of four hours to get from the middle of one city to the middle of the other. The speed contest, which grew out of this depressing fact, offered an additional prize of \$2,800 for "praiseworthy" efforts. But in the chase for the big money, the roller skates faded fast, and the top winners turned out to be deadly serious teams of men using only the latest military jets and helicopters.

RETIRED COMMANDER REACHED THAMES ON ROLLER SKATES, THEN QUIT—>



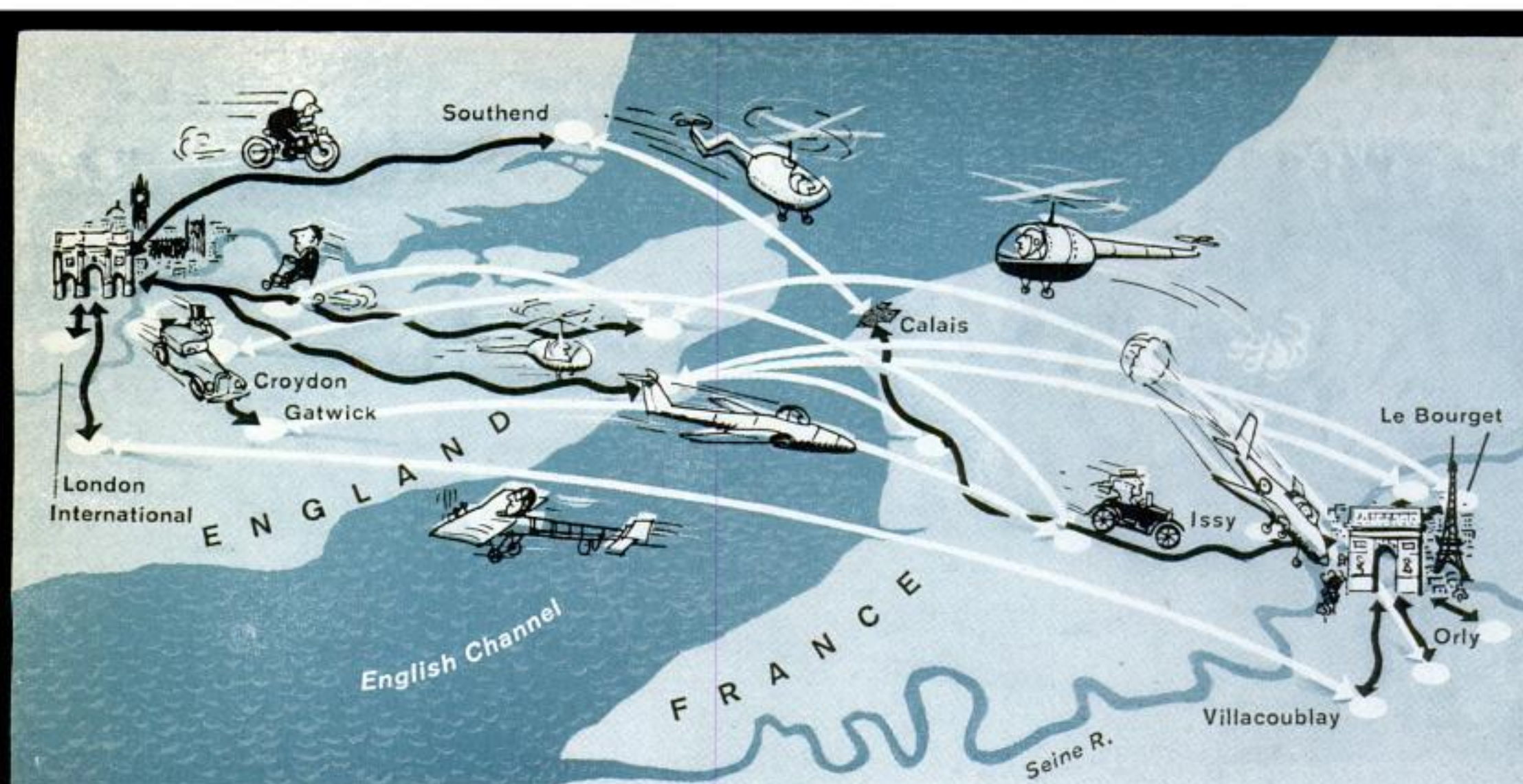


DIAGRAM SHOWS ROUTES AND WAYS OF COVERING 214 MILES BETWEEN CITIES AND AIRFIELDS USED

Enthusiasts Hustle, Pros Win

The 168 contest entrants could wend their way from Arc to Arch unfettered by contest restrictions. They had only an obligation, as much honored in the breach as in the observance, to obey the laws of whatever country they happened to be in. Besides jets and roller skates, first-day competitors used gliders, bicycles, scooters, taxis and speedboats. Standing by were such contestants as Colette Duval, a French model and parachutist who wore overalls tailored by Pierre Balmain and had a squadron of French jet bombers at her disposal,

and a 17-year-old French Boy Scout who made the trip in short pants, riding a jet trainer. The very first attempt of the first day, however, demonstrated that sheer *élan* would not be enough. A British Special Air Service officer, using the motorcycle-helicopter-jet-helicopter-motorcycle combination that became standard, made it from London to Paris in 57 minutes and 47 seconds. The record then dropped steadily. On the next to last day a Royal Air Force squadron commander posted the winning time of 40 minutes 44 seconds,



UPSET HELICOPTER at Villacoublay was result of pilot's making too steep a descent. Nobody was

hurt, but the accident delayed further attempts at a record by the RAF who operated the machine.

ARCH TO ARC CONTINUED

PRECISION TEAMWORK



EVENTUAL WINNER, Charles Maughan, an RAF Squadron Leader, sprints to waiting Hunter jet from

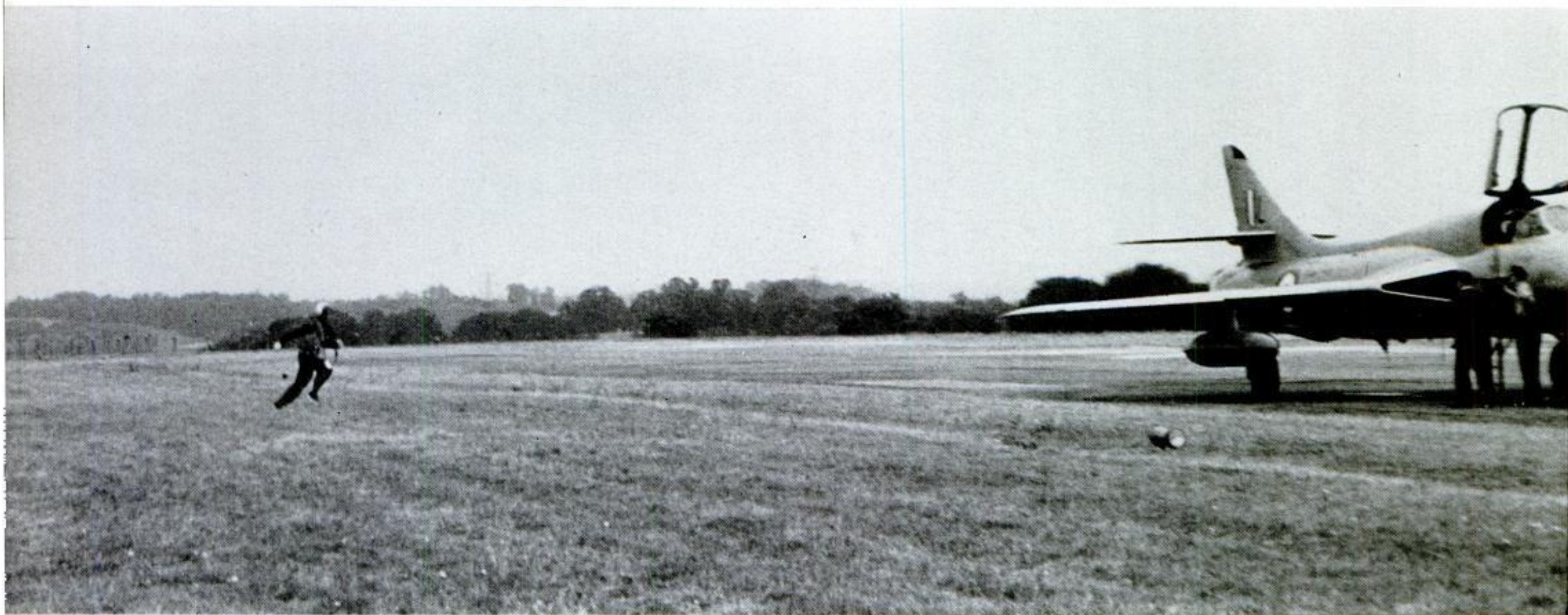


HIGH TAILING across French airfield, Maughan streaks for customs post set up especially for him.



UPSET MOTORCYCLE tumbled white-helmeted British captain and driver near Arc de Triomphe.

WAS KEY TO RAF'S VICTORY



helicopter which had picked him up after motorcycle ride to Thames. Jet brought him to Villacoublay

field near Paris, where second helicopter-motorcycle team barreled him in to finish at Arc de Triomphe.

Precision teamwork, which made use of 20 men, brought first and third prize money to the RAF.



WHIZZING through Paris, Maughan and his RAF driver head for the finish.



BOOSTING contraption saved minutes for RAF team by lifting pilot from bed of Thames, where helicopter landed, to motorcycle waiting on bank above.

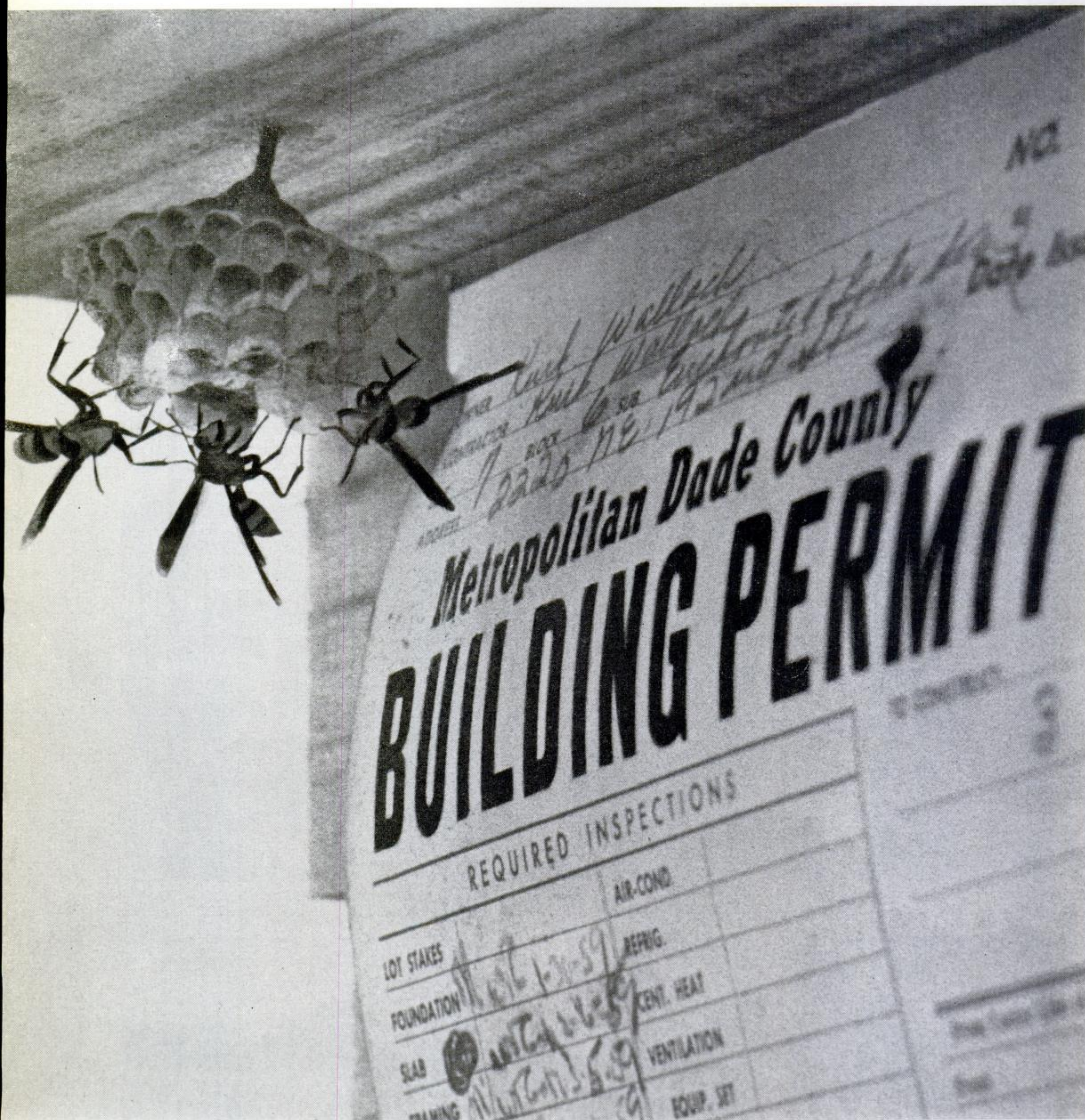


BACK IN LONDON, Maughan shows winner's smile near Marble Arch start.



UPSET IMMIGRATION MAN pursues British student John Griffiths across field to mark his passport.





STING IN THE SPECIFICATIONS

As house-builders, wasps are usually unsanctioned, unwanted and uninhibited. They build their paper nests wherever they find a supply of wood fiber and a place to hang the foundation. In a development site near Miami, Fla., Photographer Joe Rimkus found a busy crew of wasps which, as the sign might

indicate, were constructing their home strictly according to specifications. The check sheet showed inspections had been passed for slab work, plumbing, roofing and electricity. But the list did not show an obvious final construction step: Before the permit could come down the wasps would have to go.

(continued from front flap)

Do It Yourself - Millions of Americans are improving their skills. We examine some of the most formidable D-I-Y projects.

The Country Club Community - A look at the new leisure-oriented community where the price of a house carries with it all the golf, boating, swimming you could want.

The Problems of Retirement - A man suddenly has too much time on his hands.

A Better Way? - Europeans use their free time a lot more simply and less self-consciously than we. Maybe a lesson from France on sophisticated ease -- hiking, sitting along the Marne, visiting the Zoo.

How to Play with Your Kids - A picture story showing that spending time with them isn't enough in itself, and showing some intelligent adult-kid pastimes.

How the Famous Spend It - A compendium of how the well-known in all walks of life currently spend their leisure hours.

The Values of Solitude - A walk with a thoughtful man, with his quotes as he strolls with us along the beach, through the woods, pausing to contemplate a splendid view or a solitary flower.

As you can see, LIFE in this double issue will do a two-part job: 1) show what Americans are doing now with their off-hours; 2) suggest some ways in which they might use their spare time more rewardingly.

The Good or the Goof-off

Our editors proceed on the practical assumption that while the individual American may not have too much to say about what he does at work, he has everything to say about how he uses his spare time. Remember, we're not talking about free time in the old sense, a few hours snatched here and there to loaf or to rest up from work. Now, for the first time in history, a whole society -- not just a handful -- has reached the point where they are no longer entirely preoccupied with making a living. The American can spend his free time having fun. But more often than not he spends it in some direction leading to a richer, fuller life. Walter Reuther wasn't entirely joking when he said the 30-hour week might well turn his membership into a union of artists and musicians.

As marketer and businessman, you are certainly interested in the subject of leisure. Today, what Americans buy and build to use in their free hours accounts for a considerable share of the nation's economic output. Our present business boom is due in no small part to the incredible leaps being made by



those companies and industries catering to the new leisure interests of the country.

A recent survey of the U.S. leisure market in Printers' Ink (July 10th issue) contained some eye-opening figures. Here are estimates of some of this year's expenditures in the leisure market field:

# Boating - \$2.1 billion	# Hi-fi and stereo components - \$300 million
# Photography - \$2.1 billion	# Overseas travel - \$2.3 billion
# Swimming pools - \$600 million	# Gardening Equipment - \$3.5 billion
# Musical instruments - \$500 million	# Recreation and domestic travel - \$16.8 billion

These and innumerable other leisure categories assure that this year's total leisure expenditure will top \$40 billion -- \$10 billion more than was spent just six years ago. And, as economic indices well attest, the outlook for the leisure market in the 1960's is even more extraordinary.

A Timely Tandem

I think you have some idea, then, why we are so excited around here at the prospects for THE GOOD LIFE issue. Naturally, we're predicting a sell-out on all fronts. As I mentioned earlier, this will be our fifth of these year-end specials. Each has surpassed the one the year earlier in both circulation and advertising sales -- capped by last December's Entertainment issue which racked up better than 6,250,000 in circulation (170,000 copies over the average for the period) and \$2,753,000 in ad revenue (up \$1 million over the previous year). This year's special should sell well over six and a half million copies and represent the highest circulation bonus of the year to you and yours.

THE GOOD LIFE will be dated December 28th (out the 22nd) and the sale period will run through the issue normally dated January 4th, 1960. So a "two-in-one" issue has special meaning for us this year: we plan to end the Fabulous Fifties and start the Sizzling Sixties with the same single smash hit.

We urge you to end your own selling decade and start the next on that same right note!

LIFE Advertising Director



*How to make magic
with mint*



WANT to make real flavor magic with mint juleps? Then be sure to use Old Taylor Kentucky bourbon. For the richest-tasting julep ever to ease its smooth and luscious way down your grateful throat, use 100 proof bottled in bond Old Taylor—the absolute top in taste. For honest Kentucky bourbon flavor a bit milder and

more gentle, drop in a jiggerful of 86 proof Old Taylor. This, Sir, is the lightest *full-flavored* bourbon money can buy—definite proof of *how* good a light bourbon can be. Whichever proof you use, you'll agree that the deep, honest Kentucky taste of Old Taylor makes magic with all bourbon drinks!

OLD TAYLOR

"The Noblest Bourbon of Them All"



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They said it couldn't
be done...
They said nobody
could do it...
but —

L&M is
LOW
in tar

with
MORE
taste to it

Don't settle for one without the other!



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"L&M is kindest to your taste," says James Arness. "There are two good reasons why I know you'll like 'em. They're truly *low* in tar, with *more* exciting taste than you'll find in any other cigarette."

LOW IN TAR: L&M's patented filtering process adds extra filter fibers electrostatically, crosswise to the stream of smoke . . . makes L&M truly *low* in tar.

MORE TASTE: L&M's rich mixture of slow burning tobaccos brings you *more* exciting taste than any other cigarette. **LIVE MODERN...CHANGE TO MODERN L&M**

